

DISCORDER

august 2000
free

that out of hand magazine from CiTR

Zubot & Dawson

Isan Clifford Gilberto B'ehl Bid of the Monochrome Set



& Scarlet's Well Death Metal Bumbershoot and more!



LOCAL BANDS!

This is your **LAST CHANCE** to fill out
applications for our 2000
Local Music Directory! (p.7)

(For info on SHINDig! 2000, see p.25)



holly pride!

Celebrating
our spirit!

events

Saturday, July 29 - noon to 6 pm • HOLY PRIDE! PICNIC IN THE PARK
A fun-filled day of wacky games & races for adults, kids & dogs! Food vendors & a beverage garden. Prospect Point Picnic Area, Stanley Park.

Saturday, July 29 - 6 pm • THE HOLY SHOW
The DMS presents an evening of divine drag. Royal Hotel, 1025 Granville.

Thursday, August 3 - noon to 9 pm • GAYDAY @ PLAYLAND*
Featuring all the fun of the fair and so much more! PNE Fairgrounds.

Thursday, August 3 - 6 pm to 2 am • ELECTROLUSH presents DINA MARTINA
The first Vancouver appearance of Seattle's delicious Dina Martina. Lava Lounge, 1180 Granville.

Thursday, August 3 - Monday, August 7 • WESTERN CANADA LEATHER PRIDE
Various events & venues. For more info: attheroyal.com

Friday, August 4 - Wednesday, August 10 • PRIDE IN ART
Various events & venues. For more info: prideinart.ca/cad.bc.ca

Friday, August 4 - 9 pm to 2 am • RECREATION*
Kick-off Pride weekend in style with fashion, entertainment & DJs. Commodore, 868 Granville.

Friday, August 4 - Sunday, August 7 • 7TH HEAVEN
TBB Productions presents the official Pride after-hours parties with top-name DJs. Vancouver Public Library, 350 W. Georgia. For more info: tbbproductions.com

Saturday, August 5 - 11 am • PRIDE INTERFAITH SERVICE
Join members of all faiths as they celebrate the spirit of Pride. St. John's United Church, 1401 Comox.

Saturday, August 5 - 9 pm to 2 am • HOLY PRIDE! BALL*
Interactive Male presents THE party of the weekend with New York's fierce ruling diva, Kevin Aviance. Justine Time, MC Joan-E, DJs Marc Tattoo, Rex West & Jamie J (San Francisco). Enterprise Hall, Plaza of Nations.

Saturday, August 5 - 9 pm to 2 am • MASQUEERADE*
Flygirl & VPS present a gay & lesbian carnival with DJs Tracey-D & Dawna Montell (Los Angeles), and the Public Dreams performers. Commodore, 868 Granville.

Sunday, August 6 - noon sharp! • HOLY PRIDE! THE PARADE
The city's largest, most colourful and absolutely most fabulous parade. Denman Street to Sunset Beach.

Sunday, August 6 - 2 pm to 5 pm • HOLY PRIDE! THE FESTIVAL
Live music, food & drink, vendors & info tables. Sunset Beach Park.

Sunday, August 6 - 3 pm to 6 pm • HOLY PRIDE! THE PARTY
Celebrate with the House of Venus, Jackie Baker, DJs Chiclet & Jamie J. Beverage garden. West End Community Centre, 870 Denman.

Sunday, August 6 - 7:30 pm to 12 am • SPIRITUAL PATH TO THE FABULOUS QUEER PALACE
A dance party for youth under 25. West End Community Centre, 870 Denman.

Sunday, August 6 - 8 pm to 12:30 am • SALVATION*
Cabin Boys presents the official Pride Sunday night party with Erin Hamilton, Chi Chi LaRue, DJs Dickey Doo & Steve Travolta (NYC). Commodore, 868 Granville.

Sunday, August 6 & Monday, August 7 • 7TH ANNUAL PRIDE CRUISEY-IT*
Sunday 'Denim & Leather' cruise boards at 5:30 pm, and Monday 'Pride Party' cruise boards at 4:30. MV Britannia, north foot of Denman.

Monday, August 7 - 11 am to 2 pm • PRIDE BRUNCH
Wind down your Pride weekend & enjoy a bountiful brunch menu at the newly reopened Romano's Macaroni Grill, 1523 Davie.



FOR MORE INFO ON EVENTS & THE PRIDE PARTY PASS: www.vanpride.bc.ca *FOR ADVANCE TICKETS: Little Sister's, 1238 Davie or Ticketmaster 604-280-1444

DISCORDER

ISSUE 209 • AUGUST 2000 • THAT MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM

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"at least the jazz greats cut their hair" — bree baxter

COVER

THE WEEKEND BEFORE PRODUCTION I HAD MY ONLY VACATION OF THE SUMMER. "FORGET THIS SHIT!" I SAID, AND I DID. PRODUCTION MONDAY I WAS ALL ROSH-CHEEKED AND HAPPY. THE DOWN SIDE, OF COURSE, IS THAT I DIDN'T PREPARE THE MAGAZINE AT ALL AND BY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON [THAT'S MERE HOURS BEFORE HEADING TO THE PRINTERS] WE STILL DIDN'T HAVE A COVER. THANKFULLY JENNY WASH'T DOING THE 24-HOUR TIME ROUTINE AND SHE CAME UP WITH SOMETHING. IT'S ALL ABOUT THE TROUSERS STANDING ON THE RECORD PLAYERS. PANTONE 346U FOREVER! PHOTO BY SARENA BRYDEN.

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the September issue is August 16th. Ad space is available until August 23rd and can be booked by calling Maren at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc (Mac, preferably) or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send e-mail to DISCORDER at discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Show in White Rock. Call the CTR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at: ctrmgr@mail.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at <http://www.ams.ubc.ca/media/ctr> or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

printed in canada



SONAR

66 WATER STREET VANCOUVER CANADA

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MARK FARINA (Om Records, SF)
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sonar.bc.ca**

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TurboSound
Visual styling by: URBAN
nordictrax **MT**

Dear Airhead

#233-6138 SUB BLVD, VANCOUVER, BC, V6T 1Z1 <discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca>



DOWN WITH TRANSCRIPTION ERRORS

Hello! I was in Chicago when I heard the interview I did with Chrisna ran. When I heard you'd used the painting (self-portrait) I fell sort of weird; I did it when I was about 15, in my parents' house in North Van. Strange that it would be published about 25 years later. Only one small problem with the piece, and totally understandable: I wasn't collecting info on other peoples' scenes; "in the bathroom-type-stuff." I was collecting info on zines for an article in "Canada's zine culture magazine" Broken Pencil. You know, reading material kept in the bathroom? Thanks for your support of my project!

Light-heartedly,
Jean Smith

DOWN WITH POETRY

this is a barbara love poem,
Today, my arm hurts
the way it would if you typed for

hours on end
But I see all of you typing, and
You never seem to be in pain.
I want to dance the Puerto Rican
House-boy Dance of Joy for you
but I am afraid Chrisna will get
jealous
or mad
or both
It is always good to fear poets...
Sometimes,
There's nothing to a poem, just a
bunch of people doing
overly pretentious things. But
often they tell
and a bit dizzy,
Here's the ending.

Anthony Schrag is charming as hell,
as you can tell by this poem. He also
writes "serious" poetry, and his first
book is called Moving Pictures, published
by Greenbush, and it will
be out this month. In case you're
curious, Anthony is a babe. But some-
times he's totally gay and wears
white jeans and toenail polish.—
Prod. Man

UP WITH IRRESPONSIBILITY

Dear Airhead,

I made a note to myself a while
ago to the tune of "there is no
such thing as pure transcription."
I can't recall when or why, but I
think it had something to do with
all the face-burningly dull home-
work I continue to avoid.

Summer is the worst. I make
a lot of "ultimate" statements like
that, but it really is THE WORST
because I start feeling things like
happiness and pleasure and self-
assurance—the worst combina-
tion of bad omens in the world.
When things are going well I
tend to let go of the neuroses
which hold my lifestyle together.
The damage that can be done
by a few weeks of enjoyment is
really quite astounding. I think
I'm going to lat a class or two. I
don't think I really care.
Happiness turns "A" students
into drop-outs. Summer is the
worst.

Love always,
H. Aprapros

DISCORDER

is online with a gorgeous new website.

archived issues, distribution details, adver-
tising info, and more up-to-date fun stuff
including web-only interviews!
this month: Peaches, Bahamadia, and god
knows what else.

www.ams.ubc.ca/citr/discorder

check us out, send us some mail!



Vancouver Special



BY JANIS MCKENZIE & JAMAAL

local cds! by janis

ZUBOT AND DAWSON Tractor Parts: Further Adventures in Strang (Black Hen)

Yeah, that's "Strang," and no, I
don't know what it means,
either. What I do know is that
Steve Dawson and Jesse Zubot
have rounded up an impressive
group of musicians and musical
instruments to put this extremely
quirky and eclectic, primarily
instrumental CD together. One-
time Georgia Straight cover-girl
Veda Hille co-writes and sings
one of the songs, but what really
impresses me is reading through
the lists of instruments played on
each track. Guitar, mandolin,
organ, tuba, bass, trumpet,
Hawaiian slide guitar, fiddle,
space echo, hurdy gurdy, and
various drums and percussion,
sure, but how about "15 road-
side synth" and "flute" File
under folk, but don't expect that
to signify "traditional" or any-

thing you can plunk along with
on the old nylon-string guitar.
www.zubotanddawson.com

VEGA Demo EP (Independent)

What we have here is a "talent-
ed young band made up of for-
mer members of Velour3 and
The Liminals, as well as a
"teenaged wunderkind drum-
mer" and "turntablist extraordi-
naire." As you might expect from
a band resulting from this colla-
sion of catchy retro-style pop-
sters, minors, and forward-looking
electronic types, there's a variety
of stuff on this so-called EP. (A18
songs and close to 40 minutes,
this CD is a what folks like the
Beatles used to call an LP. The
"LP" meant "long"—how things
have changed!) Some tracks are
'60s-ish hook-filled and slightly
wicked; there are some funky
bits tossed in the mix, a snippet
of a classic comedy routine and
then of course there's the clever
turntabling. While all of this
diversity increases the chances
that there's something for almost

everyone here, it also makes it
difficult for the band to have a
defining sound in the usual sense
of the word. But then again,
remember how those old Beatles
albums used to have the readily
identifiable John, Paul, George,
and even Ringo songs? Maybe
Vega's on to something here.
Listen to their songs for free at
www.blaetown.com/members/vega

VARIOUS ARTISTS Northern Lights, Volume 1 (Tinderbox Productions)

Don't be dismayed by the fact
that 14 of the 17 songs on this
compilation are already avail-
able on other CDs, or will be
soon. For one thing, even I
haven't heard all of them yet.
(Did you catch that,
Cinderpop, Veda Hille, and
Marq DeSouza?) For another,
this is one of those truly
deserving causes—all proceeds
are going to a project for street
youth. ("I'm Dangerous With
Sound") Perhaps it needs adding
that there are some very worthy
contributions here. There's the
already pretty famous (Hille and

Brundley), the recently posi-
tively reviewed in Vancouver
Special (Star Collector and
Pepper Sands), the wonderful
and not always sufficiently
appreciated (Coal and Circus
in Flames), as well as good
stuff from Rich Hope,
Cinderpop, Jack Tripper,
Waltz Dazling, DeSouza,
Mark Crozier, Fear of
Drinking, and Satsuma.
Never mind how broke you are,
you really ought to buy it.
www.eyeteaser.com/tinderbox

local demos! by jamal

Hey, kids. How goes in the land
of the locally-musically-interest-
ed? Things are good here. This
month's crop of demos provided
me with much entertainment, be
it from quality or from complete
disregard for the pursuit of qual-
ity. Either way, I had myself a
month of satisfied grins and actual
outloud laughter. Not bad for
the shittiest job at DISCORDER.
Okay, the shittiest column: I never
have to proofread.

RANDY was perhaps the
only band in this month's column
that provided me with neither
grins nor laughter. This Duncan
collective's basement-bad, synth-
pop thing created for me an
atmosphere of complete neuroti-
city that never even bordered on
engaged. It just carried on and
on. Great for internet cafes and

ultimate clubhouses. ([250] 526-
6898)

Most favourite tape of the
month goes, hands down that is,
to a fellow from Guesnel by the
name of JAY A. BECK. It was
fitting that I should listen to his
full-length, *Light of Green*, the
day after attending the Ween
show, as genre-hopping was cer-
tainly in the mix. The word
"eclectic" springs to mind.
Anyway, I loved this tape, and I
want the world to have access to
it, though I fear the uncultured
among you may not possess the
mental capacity to appreciate
the Simon and Garfunkel
influences that thread their way
through the album. Keep your
ears and eyes open for this up-
and-comer. (481 Dennis Rd.,
Guesnel, BC V2J 5W7)

And now to the mean-spirited
section of the column:
MELINDA GIDALY,
of Vancouver, is a Quiet Loathing
Girl for whom I have one word:
Boo-fucking-hoo! Rambling folk
misery pluses me off, especially
now that I'm trying to get off the
pot. Apparently Ms. Gidaly
plays around town, and if I ever
walk into where she's doing her
thing, the thread will be a much
more miserable place.

<emerrywitch@hotmail.com>

And now to the laugh-out-loud
section of the column: MICHAEL
DAVID JEANNEVOL, of New
Westminster, submitted a single-
song ditty that had me saying,
"People still make music like
this!" I could describe it as bad
'80s synth-reggae-pop, but I
think the title should be enough
to deter you: ("I Love You) More
Than I Feel." Come on, be real
for a moment. ([604]889-2321)

Our last demo this month
should help give you a sense of
the state of my backlog: THE
HEATSCORES' *Ruin X-mas*.
Yep, just rolled around to that
one. So if you sent me a tape
last week and you're choked I
haven't got to it yet, fuck right
off. As for Saskatchewan's
Heatscores, this tape rocks in a
very serious surf-punk kind of
way. I like it so much, I'm
already anticipating next
Christmas when everyone else is
playing their dorky carols and
I'm cruising through town in my
Corolla hatchback just cranking
these beautiful bastardizations
through a stereo willing to sacri-
fice itself for the ongoing sins of
others.

www.heatscores.dynamiczone.com
Jamal

have you filled out the
LMD application yet?
page 7...

How do you like this? While Sam is off merrily prancing around England, he's left me with the full weight of this column on my shoulders. He's probably relishing boiled potatoes and chips right now—laughing about Canada over a pint, sitting across a table from Scott Walker. So what can I, myself, tell you about zines this month?

Let's begin with Vancouver's **Does This Make Sense To You?** #3. Oddly enough, this issue was placed in the hands of the usual editor's sister, i, while Vanessa was off gallivanting around merry ol' England. Sound familiar? Inside you may find a couple reviews of Slam City Jam written in short, to the point, rant style. Also reviewed is the film *New Waterford Girl* and 13 other movies. Much of this is hand-written (though not all of it), giving it a look and substance of a young teen's review. And, for hundreds of (thous?) though I think the authors are older than that. This is good, but I truly believe these kids are capable of much better. (2030 Larch St., Vancouver, BC V6K 3P4)

Perhaps something along the lines of **Robot Power** version 18.5, put out by the screwballs at **Robot Records**, the *Giant Robot*. Why these kids need to create a half legal sized, photocopied fanzine is a mystery, but it is a refreshing, indie-oriented alternative to the mainstream. The music is awesome, and the article on the positive medical benefits of drinking your own piss was lovely. Legends of the punk underground Cynthia Connelly (photographer) and Colin (the *Robot* Happening, R Records, Halo Benders, etc.) are interviewed in a very concise manner, as are several skateboarding heroes. They also speak with somebody who's been in the *Robot* (yipes!), and a riveting blow-by-blow of a guy who was very, very constipated. It's enough to bring tears to my eyes. Yeah, you're sold now! (\$4 US, Los Angeles, CA 90253, PO Box 90, CA 90201).

Get your paws on that, and your thumbs on **Thumb #11** which includes freakin' fine interviews with electronic artists like Michael Fakesch, Plone, Schlammpeitziger, Flowchart, Pole, Pluxus, Emperor Penguin, Volume All*Stars, and Wisdom of Harry (whew). Thumb has consistently been one of my favorite zines, mainly because of the clean layout and the fact that

Make Up All City Records David C. Berman
Ghetto Defendant Swearing at Motorists
Star Vehicle Tour Diary
Reviews Cryptquote

ROBOT POWER



THUNDER

editor Eric Mast's taste in music mirrors my own so well—and his reviews kick. Eric often asks his mom's opinion on some of the albums and the result is precious if not merely funny. (\$2, PO Box 40572, Portland, OR 97240-0572)

Train Wreck #5 is a production of Michael B. McCleod. In TW5 Michael presents a format and intelligence similar to Dave Fisher's *Filler* zine from Ontario, and that's high praise. Great coverage of Silver Jews' David Berman, Make Up, Swearing at Motorists, and the Ghetto Defendant & All City Records labels. Plus a swell Star Vehicle tour diary and plenty of pilthy reviews. (\$2, PO Box 652 Sydney, NS B1P 6H7)

Speaking of reviews, there are buttloads of them in the newest **Agree to Disagree** #8. This issue explores the bands The Infiltrators, Trial, and Flashlight as well as just being a good punk resource. Dig in. (Free around town at with-it locations. PO Box 56057, 1st Ave. Postal Outlet, Vancouver, BC V5L 5E2)

What? You don't see what you need here? Well quit whining and just pick up the new, jam-packed **Broken Pencil** #13 with hundreds of Canadian zine reviews and tales of folks who do things their own way, on their own terms. Radio Free Press wants you to get involved. Send your zines and recorded zine articles for the radio show. Contact us about doing an RFP show sometime. Get in touch, meathead! E-mail me at bleek0@yahoo.com for more info & check out the new RFP web page at <http://hello.to/radiofreepress>. Read something today, idiot.

a p p i n e s s
by Miyu

If you don't give people your phone number, you won't expect them to call. If you never ask someone for something, you won't get an answer you didn't want to hear. If you have no one to count on, you'll never be let down. The best way to combat loneliness is to cut off all forms of communication. •

The long awaited second album
available August 22nd

Brought together by their mutual love of Brazilian composers Antonio Carlos Jobim and Joao Gilberto, Eric Hilton and Rob Garza return with 'The Mirror Conspiracy'; an album influenced by many an evening listening to Sixties movie soundtracks and rare library music from Italy and the UK.

Thievery Corporations' bounty is an endless treasure chest of ideas old, new, borrowed and cool. The *Mirror Conspiracy* skips through reggae dubplates, lounge muzak, breaks, beats and bossanova along the way.



www.4ad.com

cine muerte 2000

by trevor fielding

CINEMUERTE HORROR FILM FESTIVAL

June 29-July 8
Pacific Cinematheque

I'm never again allowed to complain that there are no good movies playing in this town. An international horror film festival? Two blocks from my house? That's right up my alley. Literally. Granted, I don't really know anybody else who likes horror movies, but it's not so weird to go see them by yourself... is it?

Last year, when the CineMuerte festival was at the Blinding Light, I didn't get to see a single film, and I really wanted to see *Nekromantik*. Banned in BC? Damn right I want to see why.

This year I managed to see five movies in all. Not the one I really wanted to see, though: Lucio Fulci's *The Beyond*. Of all the movies playing, this was the only one I had ever heard of.

What I did see was *Who Would Kill a Child?*, a Spanish movie from 1975. A man and his pregnant wife travel to a deserted island full of demonic, eerily beautiful children. Sort of a lot like *Children of the Corn*. Mike and I went to this one and were pretty surprised at the lack of gore, we figured that a horror movie festival would be swimming in it. One good scene was the guy moving down kids with a machine gun, and also his wife's unborn child turning evil and

ripping up her insides. "That's dirty!" cried Mike as thick orange blood trickled down her legs. Not a great movie, although I really liked some of the camera work, where shadowy figures would slip by in the background.

Next was a film called *The Viji*. A Russian movie from the '60s. They don't know who directed it or what year it was from, but this was the best movie I saw at the festival. "Viji" is Russian for witch. This movie was about a witch and a seminary student. It starts a little slow and has a lot of bowdy, drunken singing—apparently all Cossacks drink vodka all the time—but it's a very good mix of genuinely funny and genuinely creepy. It was dubbed in English but subtitled in the weirdest language I've ever seen. Not Russian. Good movie. If I'd bothered to fill out the little evaluation sheets they gave out, I'd have given this a 4 out of 5. The Viji was preceded by a very cleverly done local short called *Figments*.

After I ran home, walked down some chicken, and choked on it, I sprinted back to see a British film called *Terror*. Apparently this 1978 movie was an homage to Dario Argento's *Suspicion*, a movie I own but have never watched. It wasn't half bad, full of pretty girls in the horrible styles of the late '70s getting utterly terrified in a number of freaky situations. That part was well done, but the

"last of their line threatened by the family curse that couldn't possibly be real. It's just a myth... or is it?" plot was pretty contrived. There was a short film afterwards, titled, I think, *Mumbo Jumbo*. Not great, although the scenes of gravedigging (filmed in total silence except for shovel scraping) were cool. One of those where the end is really uncertain.

I missed a couple days, and then on Friday, to kill time before our band's first show ever, Mike and I went to see *Mark of the Devil*. The first film ever rated V for violence, this 1969 German production was supposed to graphically depict brutal torture to the extent that bar-bags were handed out. And yes, they reprinted the original bags from the original 1969 screenings. Mike and I didn't get bags. We got there late. We also left early, after the vaulted tongue scene. A woman, you see, gets her tongue ripped out. The dude who introduced the film went on and on about it, as did the program. This was a pretty harsh movie, especially for 1969, but I thought scenes other than that, like the popping thumb or nails in the bum, were grosser. Not a bad movie, even though we missed the last half.

The last movie I saw was a recent German film called *Schramm* (1993). "Pure filth," the program called it. That

about sums it up. The director introduced it, and he was exactly the sort of snooty Sprockelstye German director-type guy you'd expect. I couldn't find him afterwards to tell him what a weird fucking



fellow he was. He deserved it though. *Schramm* is a disappointed—not to mention disturbing—look at one man, a serial killer I suppose, and all the incredibly bizarre things he does [kills Jehovah's Witnesses; fucks an inflatable torso; drugs his hooker neighbour friend] and imagines doing [waking up with one leg a bloody, goopy stump; having the den-

list carve his eye out with a scalpel]. Then there's the thing I couldn't tell if he actually did or just imagined—hammering nails into his groin, limp, Robby like cock. All these things are filmed extremely graphically—quite realistically, I might add—making this the goriest movie of the lot. I suppose this is art. Art is a very subjective thing, you know. The real challenge is remaining objective while watching a guy hammer nails into his dick. Herr Direktor called Vancouver "the middle of nowhere," to many peoples' annoyance.

It may be the middle of nowhere, but Vancouver is now the site of a phenomenal yearly event that ought not be missed. I can't say all the movies were great, but next to the hype that major studios churn out—sans plot, sans unpredictability, sans value of any kind—it was definitely a privilege to see them. Hell, just to have the opportunity. Back when horror movies of quality were coming out in theatres, I was a very squeamish little kid. Nowadays I get to see very, very few horror movies that aren't on a small screen. To pass up an event like this would be a dumb move, despite my girlfriend's objections. Bless the Pacific Cinematheque and the organizers of the CineMuerte festival. I hope they're still selling t-shirts when I get my next paycheck. •

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BY JULIE COLERO

A friend of mine has declared a moratorium on white socks. I will now declare a moratorium on cute. No, wait, I'll allow it for one more month. I would like to be able to purge cute out of my system entirely, and quickly, but I'm unsure whether that would be possible. I've been down with cute for so long now, it's in my blood. It's rather Pavlovian—I see cute things, and I want to own them, touch them, be near them. I hear cute music, and I get all stupid and happy. I can see now that this is not as it should be. A tough exterior is needed if I desire to take on this world and succeed in life. Because of these life-changes that are now in order, I must prepare to give up candy, comic books, cartoons, and other such extravaganzas. The first item on my elimination list is *The Powerpuff Girls*. Not content to stop at being cute, these cartoon girls take it to a new level: they're cute-ful. Because they must un-become a part of my life, I will take this opportunity to get out some good props

to them before I learn to hate. Life is all about the hard stuff, right?

The Powerpuff Girls are so amazingly cute and clever that they've inspired a league of indie-creded rockers to write songs about them. Before you can get your hands on tracks by **Cornelius Dava**, and some guy from **Olivia Tremor Control**, you can rush the shops to get the **BIS/APPLES IN STEREO** single. Pressed on cotton-candy pink vinyl, this gem finally offers up the *Powerpuff* theme song in an easily accessible format. I was pretty chuffed to finally get to hear the second verse of this catchy theme. As far as I'm concerned, **Bis** handed the *Powerpuff Girls* street cred when they recorded this track for the series, and my love of the *Girls* grew out of my love of all things cute and **Bis**. (See why this way of life has got to go? It's sickening, isn't it?) The **Apples In Stereo**, a band which has never been a love of my life, actually got on my good side with their song "Signal In The Sky (Let's Go)." It's an

extremely catchy ode to everybody's favourite crime-fighting girls... who I will just have to learn not to love. (Kid Rhino, www.kidrhino.com)

Less cute than those pesky **Powerpuffs**, but special in its own way, is the new single by **K**, also known as **Karla Schickel**. Known for her roles in *Ida* and *Beeky*, **Karla** goes it alone this time out. "Not Here" is a slow, simple song that focuses on the power of **Karla's** voice. She is backed up by violin, clarinet, and piano on your average pop song! The b-side is a **Low** cover, again very moving and sparse, but I don't quite see the point. I've always been struck by the similarities between **Schickel's** voice and that of **Mimi Parker's**, so this cover doesn't do too much for me. Maybe die-hards will think differently of it all. Still, this is a very sweet-sounding single, one for quiet nights spent alone. (Tree, PO Box 578582 Chicago, IL 60657)

THE CANDIES have a cute name, but the band neither looks nor sounds cute. I bet you

think that means they're my new favorite band, right? Wrong! These Italian post-rock boys do not turn my radio on. I found it distressing to listen to yet another record whose secret to success was all about the slow... slow... slow... chaos! That has been done a million times over, and I'm not done with hearing it again. The **Candies** are an Italian band, so maybe no one knows how to translate "Post-

on holiday with ...



the Mauties

Rock is SOOOO Over" for them. Maybe Italians are just all big **Steve Albini** fans. Maybe they ride their scooters through the canals singing "dada-dadUN" atonal for 13 minutes for fun. Whatever. Maybe I'm just frustrated by a music and a culture that will never understand me and will never accept me into its loving arms. (Teenage USA, PO Box 91-689 Queen Street West, Toronto, ON M6J 1E6 /E:lettro, Via beltramo 15, 21010 Arsago Seprio (VA), Italy)

I guess what gets me down is all the book-learning it's going to take to turn my life around. If cute is out so is most of my vocabulary. I'm going to have to smarten up to toughen up, and I am not going to be allowed to laugh at clever band names any more. I guess, then, that the time is right for me to appreciate **THE MAUTIES**—pretty soon I will have to sneer at this all-girl group with the utmost disdain.

For now, though, I'm more than content to enjoy their fine pop stylings. "Rude Limey" is a very catchy song about a foreigner who's lost his charm in the eyes of these ladies—Isn't that always the way? They seem so dreamy until you get to know them... but I digress. The **Mauties** do a hot cover of a **Kinks** song, "Gotta Get the First Plane Home," and although I can't say I've heard the original, I'm sure that **Roy Davies** and company would be content with this rendition. The b-side, an instrumentally, is good, but not nearly as entertaining as the two vocal tracks. The **Mauties** have some strong-voiced ladies in their posse, and the band should continue to show that off. This is excellent garage-pop music. (Hub City, PO Box 1223 Greenbelt, MD 20768-1223)

Want to know what's going to make my transition from cute to the real world that little bit less painful? Electronic music. Not that shit that's all about the

fancy-pantsing dancing kids, but the stuff made by dreamy German nerds in over-priced apartments, intended to reach the ears of their fellow intelligentsia. It's all about the indoors scene, or something. Whatever the case may be, **JEAN BACH** gets very busy on a new four-song single, enlisting the help of many to do some weird stuff. The first track, "Jean Sans Le Playback," has some intensely huge beats and a whole hive's worth of sounds to keep ears confused. There are clicks and cuts, '80s synth-pop beats, vocal samples, beat variations, and a healthy dose of spazzzzzz. This is the kind of music that would be a bitch to dance to. **Jean Bach** is all about messing things up, fooling with fuzz, distortion, and chaos to create aurally stimulating tracks. The beats are confused, but the intention is crystal clear—**Jean Bach** wants to cause some electronic trouble. (555 Recordings, PO Box HP41, Leeds, UK LS6 4XN)

Okay, so I'll be hard-core (possibly straight-edge) by next month and will report concisely and un-swooningly about all the hot new vinyl. Please note that I am allowed to sit in **Italy** because I am one. I heard that's how the logic goes. Also, feel free to look for these records in **Vancouver** before wasting postage or internet efforts. Tough lovin' to you all. *

LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY!

Our annual directory, chock full of contact numbers and addresses of bands and the businesses that support them, will be in the September issue. The deadline for entries is August 15, 2000.

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7 DISCORDER

BID OF SCARLET'S WELL & THE MONOCHROME SET

BY BLEEK

You won't remember this article. If things continue to run as usual for Bid, Scarlet's Well will be as criminally overlooked as his original band The Monochrome Set. This is a travesty. This is injustice of the most predictable sort. An artist who should be hailed above and beyond Morrissey, Oasis, Pulp, and many other British swellheads. A songwriter whose talent rivals Costello, Moll, Dylan or Brel.

"Visual to the extreme, this album is the most amazing collection of well-crafted songs we've been given to enjoy (and ponder on) for a long time. With music ranging from the pure '60s pop to the operetta aria, and with lyrics which could have been written by Byron's eccentric uncle, this is a... what?" (Henry The Pole, 1999)

The Monochrome Set began back in 1976, answering an ad placed by Adam Ant (yes, it's true) which read "Beat on a boss with the B-Sides." It's a long and winding tale, but to make it shorter, several band members formed and reformed again during the decades and still exist as The Monochrome Set to this day. It's just that they're on some sort of hiatus for god-knows-how-long. The brilliance of Bid, main singer and writer, has always been the strength of the band. Bid's lyrics have always been profound, hilarious, skillful, and consistent. Sometimes this remarkable brilliance would almost lift its head above water with the forgotten near-things like "The Mating Game," "Jacob's Ladder," "Willflower," etc. The problem was that they just did not squeeze into any popular or even unpopular category long enough to gather a fan base smart enough to love them.

Many of us have become familiar with the recent Songs For The Jet Set series of '60s-style two-pops, released through JetSet records via Mike Alway's label. The first album in the series was produced by Bid himself. The subsequent work, which stands up pretty well, disappointed Alway, and unfortunately seems to have divided the two pop geniuses somewhat, though neither party will speak ill of the other. Last year, Bid, and more recent Monochrome Set members Orson Presence and Tony Robinson, released a darlingly cinematic and complex concept album under the band name Scarlet's Well. The record hardly saw the light of day in any review map save for a tiny mention here and there. The album, Strange Letters, features songs by Bid, "sung by a motley crew of young girls, demons, shrews, capits, and sundry werewolves. It is the first in a series of albums about Mousseron, a sickly village situated somewhere east of the Azores, and only slightly north of the Sphinx."

What the hell was Bid thinking? Major labels (of course) would have considered such material "commercial suicide." Spain's Sista label seems all too impressed with the eccentric series. A new album has just been released, titled *The Isle of the Blue Flowers*,

which continues on the same fictional/fantasy path. So clearly evident are Bid's honed writing skills that in a just world he would be compared with the likes of Kurt Vonnegut, Noel Coward, and perhaps Gilbert & Sullivan. I can think of many artists that I love. Many I have great respect for, but there are few that I can honestly consider to be truly great songwriters who set their stories to the best of the better pop music. And saying this hurts.

Bid surfed to my website one day and saw my reverent retrospective of The Monochrome Set and left a nice email. I tried again and again to mail back in reply but could never get through. Eventually I gave up and didn't think about it much more. Upon hearing of the new Scarlet's Well album, I thought I should try and feature this album in some way more revealing than a simple review. It finally occurred to me that I should try to ask Sista records for Bid's address and they complied with flowery exclamations and cordiality. God bless them. I mailed Bid, and he agreed to answer a few questions stating that he has not been interviewed since the '80s! Philatines, all of you!

DISORDER. Can you tell me about your work with Mike Alway and the Songs for the Jet Set 1 compilation?

Bid: Mike and I had obviously worked together when at Cherry Red in 1982/83, then at Blanco Y Negro. Over the years, off and on, we did the odd thing together. *Mondo (If You Would Be-Good)* being the only album. The Jet Set was different in that it was to be the first of a few projects we were to collaborate on, but he had many difficulties with record companies. I grew rather tired of this and was also rather unhappy with the idea of continuing only in the same vein as the first album. He has continued with his brand of pop, and since my departure has collaborated with Louis Phillips. It is, naturally enough, my opinion that the Jet Set 1 album is more interesting than his subsequent products. I may seem now that I wanted the project to go in the direction of Scarlet's Well, but not at all, just to be a little more original. But like I said earlier, there's nothing wrong in his approach or in what he does.

Can you tell me about your connection to Sista records?

I had produced Songs For The Jet Set Vol. 1, a Mike Alway project for PolyStar [Japan] in 1996. This was licensed by Sista for Europe in 1997. In 1998, Mike and I parted; a little later I conceived of Scarlet's Well, did a deal with Sista, and since then it's been great. I'm sure that I'm the nutter on the label, but they seem quite happy.

How do you feel you fit in with the rest of the Sista roster?

Sista are a completely independent label, self-financed. I really have no idea where Scarlet's Well fits in, in any category—I suspect that this compiles

Mousseron the ancient, the mysterious, the wonderful, where the church's spire points to the heaven like a vast burned corkscrew, and the reflected sickle of the harvest moon soaks upon the black water of Scarlet's Well. Mousseron the fairy fool, where elaborate rituals and magical incantations are preserved to guard the house from pale specters who peer in through the window, who mop and mow at the lattice, who lurk behind the lintel of the door, who leer at you from the fish soup. Mousseron the bay of gods, where plague port sea-shanties burble on the dock and vile vergers skip lightly on the treacherous cobblestones. (Demetrius, 1998)

sketched out the next album. What can you tell me about the origins of Mousseron?

Well, I wanted a name for the village that I was setting this stuff in, and I thought that, as a setting, either Dorset or Brittany fitted the bill. Both rather quirky and untouched places, but with "histories." Some of the village names in Dorset are in French (or Latin) anyway, so Mousseron it became. We also have a cat called Mousseron (mousseron is slightly old French for mushroom), who is very vile and stinks. It's a fairly standard literary ploy, to set a succession of "works" in a town village area. See Lovecraft, Bradbury, etc.

So Scarlet's Well is your own invention and not a former fictional land?

Yes! In fact, just recently when searching for Scarlet's Well on Northern Light, I found that there is a "Scarlet Well" near Bodmin (Cornwall), known for magical properties, or something. I'm sure I will encounter a Mousseron at some point.

What was the impetus for Scarlet's Well?

(a) Monochrome Set: I was tired of being in a band and the restrictions it imposed on the material. (b) Mike Alway: I didn't want to go in the direction of a succession of compilation sampler albums.

(c) I wanted to run my own show without any artistic reference to any other partner, band member, etc. Standard "I'm going solo" stuff, really, but the main difference being that I was not initially intending to sing (or write all the material) on the Scarlet's Well albums, though I have ended up doing so. This project is not about any individual but an atmosphere generated by the whole. I wanted to have the freedom to change singers when it felt right to do so, and two singers from the first album have been replaced. This can't happen on every album, but this is not a band solo project, it's an open-ended musical with partly ever-changing cast.

How did you manage to obtain those young girls for singers in Scarlet's Well?

Iester Squares has for the past 15 years or so worked as an art teacher, recently at girls' schools. I think he's got the best record for passes in the UK. I got Alice, Laura, Lucy, and Zarif from his school. Florence is my wife.

Is the Meant your own studio, and is that what Simon Turner (as Mandey Sincior) is referring to at the end of "1910 Cotton

with the classical meaning of "avant-garde," but I don't think I can be before anyone if no-one else is going to follow, not that I want it anyway.

How many Scarlet's Well albums will there be?

It's open-ended. Some may think that this is a little excursion; far from it. I can't see myself doing anything else for the foreseeable future. I had planned the general gist of *Blue Flowers* before I completed *Strange Letters* and likewise have already

Gandy Castle" from Algebra Spaghetti (Another Mike Alway project similar to the Jet Set series but with a "children's fantasy pop" direction) when, at the end he sings "take me to the moon"?

No, The Meant Studios are owned and run by Toby Robinson. Since producing *Mondo* there, I have done all my recording and producing at the Meant, mainly because he buys me crisps. I'm sure "1910 Cotton..." is an old song, Mike usually does a few covers. Maybe Simon added a line. Don't know why. **Were you also the backing band for Bad Dream Fancy Dress?**

Nopel. We really didn't have much to do with El apart from the Would-Be-Goods records. It may be that Giffenra (as I am, I told, Beaumont, another recent Sista signing) are influenced by an "El sound" which was in turn influenced by a side of The Monochrome Set.

Can you say what the current state of The Monochrome Set is?

Not split up, just resting. I don't know if we'll continue, no immediate plans.

Where do you feel The Monochrome Set fit in the '80s? Post-punk? Power pop? Did anyone claim you as one of theirs? Does it matter?

New Wave. When The Monochrome Set started, it was in a period when we were surrounded by bands who all had a new sound and who were all different from each other (two examples being Wire and the Brakes. I mean early New Wave, this was what New Wave meant. Post-punk is very incorrect, as punk came after this New Wave developed in the mid '70s and included a harder sound, which itself developed into punk. I think that most of the bands labeled as punk are in fact New Wave. We definitely didn't want to associate with anyone. Some bands, however, took the opposite view. Example: "We Vibrate" by the Vibrators was originally a mid-paced song which went breakneck when they figured they might lose more. The list is endless.

Describe The Monochrome Set fan and the Scarlet's Well fan.

I wouldn't know the typical Monochrome Set fan. Anyway, we've been releasing records since 1979, so I'd guess it varies. The biggest selling album in France was *Miserere*; in Japan it was *Dante's Casino*; and in UK/US it was the first two albums. We were No. 1 in Bolivia with "Eine Symphonie Des Grouens." I thought all the ex-Panzer crews went to Argentina. I'd like to think that the typical Scarlet's Well fan is an old lady who likes fig rolls.

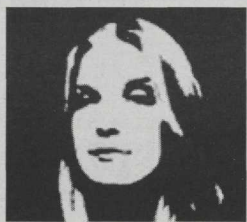
What's the most celebrated band you played with, and how did the show go?

By "played with," you mean supported, shared the headline with? I've not played with any other band as a musician. Well, we haven't done much of that, usually only when it's a bandfest special event kind of thing. The last one we did was at La Cigalle in, er, 1990 with John Cole and The Fellies. I think that year we also did a crappy do in Berlin, but with a lot of bands and a lot of venues. Needless to say, we got up to all kinds of amusing capers.

So here's where I have to ask what capers you guys used to get up to?

I'm only going to give one example. I mentioned

I-r, bid, alice, laura, and lucy of scarlet's well



Berlin (this is not very interesting): It was a music festival, many bands, a few (indoor) venues. Some of the other bands were staying at the same hotel. We go off and do the gig, can't remember how it went, or who played before or after us [we went to Berlin to buy Russian souvenirs, just as we played in Athens to buy sandals], got back, found none of the hotel, broke into the kitchen [stole the key], made ourselves a fry-up, looked at the register, found Hole listed as staying, borrowed the hotel keys for their room, broke in, rifled through their belongings, found a paperback, tore out the last page, found a passport, put a solo mlt slice in the middle, put all back as untouched, went back to kitchen, did washing up, replaced all keys, left all as untouched, went back to rooms and played cricket with oranges and baguettes.

I'd like to give you some names and have you tell me your take on these people or bands, please.

Mormus

I've only met Nick [Currie] once [I think], when he came in to the *Jet Set* session. He wrote one of the songs and was showing us the structure. I spoke to him once on the phone a couple of years later. He struck me as a very nice chap. I've heard some of his stuff, it's quite good.

Morrisey

He's not bad, but a bit repetitive.

Simon Fisher Turner (aliases The King of Luxembourg on El records, Monday Sinclair on the Reverie label, Loveletter on Songs for the Jet Set and the I... label and SFT when solo.)

As a singer on easy listening, or as an artist in avant-garde? Can't sing to save his life but a great character. Extremely nice person.

Scott Walker

A singer with a very good voice. Interesting in his choice of direction [I am reminded of Sinatra's "Waterboy," quite rare now I think].

Louis Philippe (long-time Mike Alway mainstay and another Songs for the Jet Set producer with aliases such as Today's Pop Symphony, Wallpaper, The Great Chefs of Europe, etc.)

A talented musician and writer, though I don't know a lot of his stuff.

Jarvis Cocker

Made a very interesting TV program about eccentric artists, don't really know his music work apart from the one song, which they always play.

Oasis

Ultimately worthless.

Blur

Some, but they strike me as more interesting people.

Of the above, I only own the Walker/Brel [Scott Walker sings Jacques Brel] album.

What's the most obscure reference made in one of your songs?

Oh, dear. A lot of them are obscure in that they're about unnamed people. I don't know.

What exactly is your connection to Indian kings?

Well, I'm from the oldest section of the Brahmin caste, and there are a few (well, about 30) kings in the family tree. Kings don't exist in India anymore, it's a democracy. However, it's still technically an offence for the British Queen to step on my shadow. Yes, indeed.

What was the actual quote from Andy Warhol concerning The Monochrome Set?

I don't know! I didn't do a lot of interviews then, the rest went. Think John Cale liked us at the time as well. Lester was also in a performance art group at the time, so he knew Warhol a bit.

What does your record collection consist of, or is that too big a question?

Not such a big question; nothing really. I used to have a whole bunch of stuff from the late '60s/early '70s, but I seem to have lost a lot of it. Most of the records belong to Florence (the wife), so it's Steely Dan, Camel, Caravan, also some French stuff, Hot Club, Brel, Gainsbourg. I really don't listen to music much! Besides Anthony Adverse, The Sneetches, King of Luxembourg and the Raj Quartet.

Weren't The Raj Quartet you guys? What other Monochrome Set songs have been covered?

Yes, The Raj Quartet was myself doing a throw-away single for El. There's been a lot of covers, but Lester [aka Tom Hardy] knows most of them—I don't keep track. There was one odd one, by Lida Husk on her *Fly* Stereophonic album, for Alios Records, of "Eine Symphonie." She recorded her vocals and some instrumentation over the original, but then refused to admit it. "Cover" indeed.

What is musical genius?

A musical genius is someone who creates one or several great works of art in music. You could extend this term to be collective. You could say that, collectively [but not individually], The Beatles were a genius, and the same could be said of Brecht & Weill, Gilbert & Sullivan, etc. As an art form, music is unusual in that it's common for talented people to get worse as they get older, perhaps because it has become more collective, and perhaps because it's more intertwined with entertainment than the other arts. Still, it's difficult to comprehend how great writers such as Bowie and Dylan could have become so truly crap.

My comments regarding other bands may seem a trifle nasty, in fact I don't think Blur or Oasis are crap, they have written some okay songs. However, I do think that they just fall into the category of once-upon-who-were-they category; I may be wrong. *

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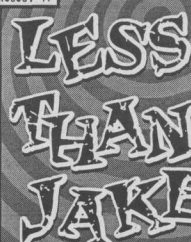
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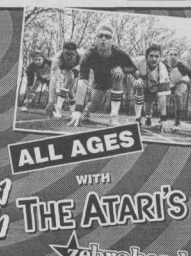
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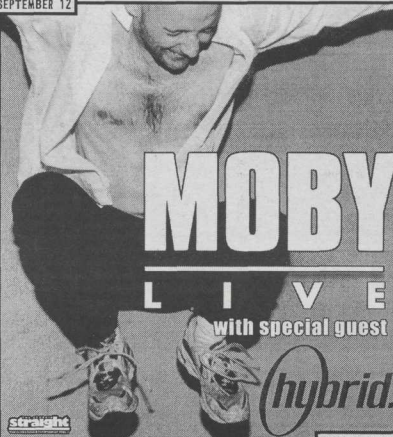


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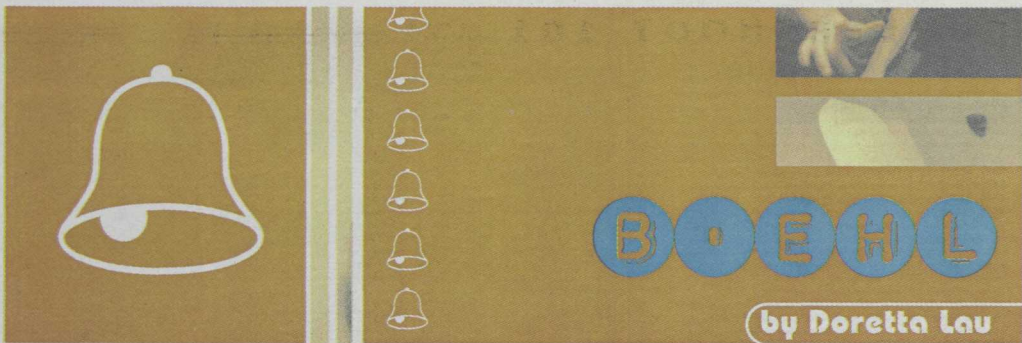
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like B'ehl a lot. I think you should too. B'ehl is a Winnipeg quartet whose current members are Melanie Barnes on acoustic guitar, piano, organ, moog and vocals; Chris Hiebert on drums; Allison Somers on guitar, piano, flute, and vocals; and Bob Somers (Allison's husband) on bass and electric guitar. They are masters of well-crafted pop tunes and put on an entertaining live show as well. The album *Bright Eyes*, released in 2000 on Endering Records, is the follow up to the 1997 CD *Only A Paper Moon*.

What's in a name? The band was originally christened "belle" (French for beautiful) on a poster, but they wanted to avoid any possible pretentious associations, so they changed the spelling.

The following is taken from an e-mail exchange with Chris.

DISCORD What are your first childhood memories?

Chris Hiebert: I think the earliest thing I can remember is scooting around my parents' basement with my brother in little red VW Beetle pedal cars. They didn't have horns, and the pedals were like metal stirrups, so they really dug into my feet, but it didn't matter because cars meant freedom, at least to me. Sure, it was only freedom to

drive in little circles and figure-eights in a basement trying not to hit each other, but it sure beat RUNNING around in little circles and figure-eights.

What led you to choose music over other pursuits?

There's something terribly satisfying about music. Listening to music can temporarily take you to a different place/time in your mind and can be such a powerful experience that you can't stop thinking about it. Playing the music that makes people obsess is even more pleasing than simply listening. It's pure joy to create an original piece of... oh, heck, it's just fun to rock.

What is your song writing process like?

Either Melanie or Allison will come to practice with a melody, basic structure and lyrics. She'll play it for the rest of us, and we'll gradually work out our individual parts. I'm afraid I can't go into more detail about how Mel or Allison come up with the melody/lyrics because that's a big secret.

Who are you listening to right now? Who inspires you musically?

As a band, we all agree that that Dog was one of the finest bands around and that *Retreat From The Sun* was the most amazing album ever. We're all pretty big fans of Waezer, Juliana Hatfield, The Sundays,

and Mary Lou Lord. Personally, I've been digging back into my musical past and listening to such gems as Jane's Addiction and Iron Maiden. But that's just me.

How would you define yourselves musically?

We're mainly a pop band. I will go out on a limb and say that we've probably got some folk/country in us and a bunch of rock as well. We'd like to have coordinated dance moves, fat beats and rhymes, but we don't.

If you weren't making music, what would you see yourselves doing?

I think I would be holding my head in my hands and sobbing uncontrollably at the thought of only working my 9-5 job, with nothing else in my life to make me happy or give me hope that one day I might not HAVE to work the 9-5 job. Maybe I'd take up painting or something.

I will guess that everyone else would do the same thing. I might be completely wrong, but that's my guess and I'm sticking to it.

Why did you only release covers of Palace's "New Partner" and The Magnetic Fields' "100,000 Fireflies" on the Japanese album?

The cross capitalist answer would be to "push" more "units." The actual answer is that

when we approached Quattro Records in Japan about releasing the album there, they suggested that they would want something to make the Japanese release different from the North American release.

Have you read anything interesting lately?

Aside from this fantastic zine about landscape architecture that Bob had a hand in releasing (incidentally, it's called *Berm and Swale*, and it makes you think about things you might not have ever thought about otherwise), I read a magazine called *Schwimg!* which is all about rockstars playing golf. It made me want to be a caddy.

What was the last thing that made you laugh hard?

Listening to my friend Colin's Jibbo the Hutt imitation. Damn, that guy just cracks me up. I'm laughing even now! Don't believe me? Too bad!

What makes you cry?

Going anywhere but Winnipeg and trying to find a good surpise. Cripes, it's hard enough just to find a 7-11, but once I've found the elusive convenience store, it always contains the crappiest surpises! What's so hard about making a good surpise?

You know what else makes me cry? Puppies.

What makes you get out of bed in the morning?

It sure as heck isn't my job, other than the fact that if I don't go to work, I can kiss my sweet house goodbye. Maybe it's the cat leaping onto my chest demanding to be fed. Yes, that's usually what does it.

Do you have any obsessions, fetishes, skeletons in the closet you want to share?

I love old Volkswagens, golf, video games, movies and bourbon, all equally. That is to say, a lot.

Bob and Allison share a great burning passion for Karaoke, and to a lesser extent, bourbon. I'm pretty sure they love architecture and dirt as well.

Melanie is an awful big fan of the Rheostatics. You know, like a REALLY big fan. I hear that she's even gotten her PLANTS liking the Rheostatics. A lot. Oh, and she likes bourbon.

Pretend we're in a bar and that we've been introduced by a mutual friend. Tell me a story that you think is amusing, one that I'll remember when I'm sober and will consequently make me remember you.

Oh hi Doretta. Nice to meet you. Hey, did I ever tell you, oh wait, of COURSE I didn't tell you because I've just MET you! HAHAAH! Oh, this bourbon is going STRAIGHT to my head! Anyways, this is the freakiest thing. I heard about these twins, separated at birth. A friend of mine told me this after seeing a TV documentary about twins. I can't remember where they were from originally, but that's not important. So these two guys end up getting shipped off to

opposite ends of the planet, one went to Europe and the other went to some island in the South Seas. They never actually knew each other, since they were separated so early in their life. The European one was raised by a strict Nazi family, and of course indoctrinated with all the beliefs that come with being raised as a Nazi. The other one was raised in a devout Jewish household. So fastforward to something like 30 years later. They find out about each other, and are going to meet for effectively the first time. After they meet, they end up hating each other because of their individual beliefs. But the freaky thing is... when they first met at the airport, after 30 years, they were wearing THE SAME JACKET! Same brand, same colour, the SAME DAMNED JACKET! Oh man, every time I think of it I get the shivers....



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BUMBERSHOOT 101

A Survival Guide by Val Cormier

It's been called "the mother of all arts festivals," and it's practically in our backyard. In case you haven't heard the news, a huge extravaganza erupts every Labour Day week and just down the I-5 in Seattle. Spread out across Seattle Center's 74 acres (right by the Space Needle) you'll find music, theater, dance, film and video, literary arts, comedy, kids arts, performance arts, fine arts, crafts, and culinary arts. Sound overwhelming? Most likely not. To be sure, it's a lot to take in. Especially with our sucking Cdn. dollar! Not at all.

It's a good thing you spoke to Renee Duff, Bumbershoot and the WOMAD USA festival (held in Redmond, WA and of July). This is Bumbershoot's 30th anniversary "larger than life spectacle," and she promises it'll be bigger and better than ever. Let's face it, music is the main focus of this festival. Always has been, always will be. The full street band menu is on the website (www.bumbershoot.org), but just off the top of her head Duff was able to whip off this par-

tial list: Modest Mouse, Sleater-Kinney, Ozomatli, Ronnie Spector, Joan Jett, Sugar Ray, Ani DiFranco, Tracy Chapman, George Clinton & P-Funk All-Stars, Savage Garden, Ben Harper, Maceo Parker, Motorhead, Colin James, Joan Osborne, Iris Dement, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Freakwater, Camp Segundo (from Buena Vista Social Club), Abdullah Ibrahim, Zap Mama, Jonathan Richman, and Southern Culture On The Skids.

Holy shit, Batman! How am I gonna see even a quarter of this Renée offered these tips for newbies (lets take note, you might learn something too).

- Get a lot of rest before the festival.
- Book your hotel room now, or warn your Seattle chums you'll be looking for a crash pad.

- Dress code: comfy walking shoes, fanny pack, sunscreen, sunglasses. Be prepared for all kinds of weather.
- Download the schedules and maps from the website and scope out your days in advance.
- Be open to exploration. Unexpected moments are often the most memorable.

- Bring a good attitude, lots of water, and don't forget to dance! Buy two or four day passes online (see website) for deeper discounts.

And what about that big bad American dollar—we'll get you any long for our buck? "You won't get this much entertainment anywhere in the nation for \$12(US)—and you can quote me on that!" Duff promises.

- All great advice... and here are more:

- Don't like crowds? A Zen go-with-the-flow attitude will help you through the inevitable bottlenecks near the International Fountain and Center House. Never be in a rush to get anywhere. Set reasonable goals (say, one or two really hot bands per day). When it all gets to be a bit much, find some relative peace on the fringes of the site.

- The food booths (and govt-kitchen-Americans there's plenty) rock. You will be well fed for only \$4.7 US. Check out the perfect salmon! There's a 24-hour PFC nearby on Mercer to save even more and stock up on water. The beer gardens also rock but more for the atmosphere than the quality of the brew.

- Bad news for those who dig outdoor festivals: there's not enough grass on the Great news: no portapotties! Best sanitary facilities with least lines: Opera House.

- Take a brain break from the music overload and watch some film, dance, spoken word and such (more suggestions below). There's always interactive creative stuff to do. I've really dug the mural painting and giant drum circle in past years. You'll never look the same way at those teenage hippie kids again after you've whacked on a drum for a few minutes.

- No Seattle friends to crash with? Crave a room you can (discreetly, bien sur) into a room at one of the cheaper motels near Seattle Center like the Seattle Inn, or try one of the downtown hotels like the IYH at Pike Place Market.

- Get the hell away from Seattle Center at least once during the weekend to get a better taste of the city. The Monorail (\$1.25 each way) will take you into the shopping district and from there it's a short stroll to Pike Place Market, which is a very cool place to hang. Other recommended neighbourhoods: Capitol Hill, University District, Fremont/Ballard. If you have extra shekels burning holes in your pocket, you might want to check out the Experience Music



Project, the weird slug-like building that's on the edge of Seattle Center.

Contrary to rumour, all of the usual venues, big and small, will be open and not undergoing renovations during Bumbershoot 2000. One new feature at this year's B'shoot will be a comedy stage. Mostly LA comedy-club types, but could be fun. The Battle of Bumbershoot DJ/Turntablist Competition goes straight for the younger demographic, as does Teatro Circo, a circus and spectacle near the fountain which will feature trapeze, high wire acts, and fire dancers. The whole gang family will dig watching Bandoupage dance down the side of the Space Needle (yes, you read that right) as they did in 1996. Those of us old enough to remember the hazy days of

Saturday Night Live will be gathered at the Wedding Stage to watch Father Guido Sarducci perform two ceremonies per day on a three-tiered cake. On the last night of the festival, this cake will be set aflame! Let's hope the marriages performed there last longer.

Eye-poppingly corporate American, yes, but like the buffet experience, you don't have to eat it all, nor should you. Where else will you find so much talent in one small area over four days?

[September 1-4, Seattle Center: www.bumbershoot.org]

Clifford Gilberto

Also known as Florian Schmidt, Clifford Gilberto lives in a swanky, expensive part of London called Shoreditch, right around the corner from labelsmates and friends Rick Maslen (Neotropolis) and J. Swinscoe (Cinematic Orchestra). His girlfriend sent him tape to Ninja Tune, and they called him back twice a couple of days. He is the son of a Costa Rican father and German mother. His guitar shows are these hard-to-get Nike webbed surfer type shoes. He was in town for the Jazz Festival. Some music then, yes? His debut album is called I Was Young and I Needed the Money.

DISORDER. Tell me about each and every track on the album.

Clifford Gilberto: You're kidding? No.

Alright "Restless" is one of my all time favourites. It's one of the last tracks I did, and I'm glad it's the first track on the album 'cos it takes away a bit from this whole hyperactive stuff that follows. It puts it in perspective and goes "Okay, it's not all about Squarepusher-style drum breaks."

My favourite tracks on this are the less hyperactive ones.

And they're the ones that are more listenable any way. That's actually where the new stuff is going; much more relaxed and less about being extreme for the sake of being extreme—which is alright. I was just trying to see how far I could go and still keep it together—being free and break it apart and still have

HYPERACTIVE PORNO STAR AND FULL ON NINJA by Girish Rambaran

it all glued together so it's recognizable as a track.

How much of the album is sampled?

Most of it is sampled, from albums and stuff. I'm always trying to sample stuff that isn't obvious... for obvious reasons. Mr. Scruff has done this track, "Get A Move On," a really good track, a real classic but it mainly consists of two samples. And he's sold it to France Telecom and Volvo for adverts and 80% of all the money goes to Sony and EMI. So you know, let's talk about some of the soundtracks you've done.

I did one for a film called Black Christmas with 3X. A Belgian short film—really weird, far out there. It's the story of little Red Riding Hood in the 22nd century. God is an evil policeman who kills tourists. There are transsexuals in the film. The first scene I saw was this

guy—a Black Santa. He doesn't bring presents, he comes in and takes shit. It's all black and white, and everything is reversed—and this transsexual was giving

Black Santa a blowjob! It's not graphic,

but I was thinking "How low am I? I'm doing porn soundtracks!" But I watched the rest and it's a good film. Very controversial. And then I did one for an Italian film called *The 10th Victim*. [A 1965 sex-film, one of his favourites of all time. He did it as part of a club night at J. Swinscoe's called "Loop," where one would spin records over one's film of choice projected on a huge wall in an old church. Cliff took the opportunity to write a whole new soundtrack for it.] A lot of the music I did for that film is going to end up on the new album. The title track is going to end up on the new Ninja compilation called *Xen* to mark the ten year anniversary. I'm into albums that tell a story, not just a collection of tracks. I also want to make sure the next album is quite short—45 minutes. You can easily digest it and take the tracks.

Why do you think peeps like to write soundtracks?

The mood and atmosphere you set with soundtracks makes it more rich. Creating atmospheres, and making up images and scenes—give the track a dramatic thing, a value-added thing.

Who are you listening to right now?

I'm really into Mos Def.

Love the new Infectious album on Bid Dada. I'm really into Jason [Swinscoe's] stuff—but I'm trying to find my niche in Ninja and not sound like Jason and Amos [Tobin].

What about your earlier influences?

John Coltrane. "A Love Supreme" was for me a total milestone in my musical career—something that I'd never heard before that blew me away. I'm into Charlie Mingus. I'm not sure if I'd have liked him personally but he's a good bass player. Hugo Pastorius was a great bass player. Elvin Jones is one of my all-time favourite drummers. I saw him two years ago in London—it was fucking amazing.

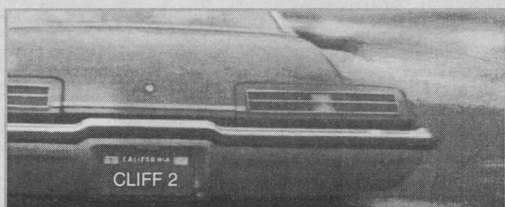
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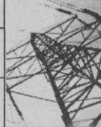
I don't know. I've given up on it. I've tried. I was calling it "Gabbler Jazz."

Jonathan Moore is calling it "Speed Jazz." Yeah, Speed Jazz. Look at the... I don't care, man, whatever you want to call it.

But you're at the Jazz Festival now.

I know, I always end up at jazz festivals, and I feel a bit out of place. I don't mind a place, but you always end up being the freak show, you know. "We've got all this nice jazz and we also have THIS!" And that's where I come in—okay, good. It's all just music. If you call it jazz, or nouveau jazz or acid jazz, you just shape people's perception of the music, and they will see it in a certain light. The next album is going to be much more eclectic, everything that's influenced me so far: acid jazz, electro, body music, jazz, Hawaiian guitar music. I think there's a place for everything—you just have to find a way to get it all together, and you create something new. The new album will be out, hopefully, in February.





isan

by Julie Colero



The first isan music I heard was a single on Elephant, a Spanish label often guilty of dishing out sickly-sweet Euro-pop. Luckily, isan is not poppy, despite the Euro habitat. The two UK gentlemen responsible for the isan sound get busy with the old-school (and new-school) gear, piecing together entertaining and pleasant electro melodies worthy of repeat listens. Kind enough to indulge me in an email interview, this is what the men of isan have to say about the music they make.

DISCORDER: ISAN: Integrated Services Analogue Network—did you pick this name aware of the fact that there is a city in Thailand named Isan? How exactly does your version of ISAN figure in to the music that you make?

Toe: We weren't aware of the "International Society for Autonomic Neurosciences," either. We started with ISDN and swapped "digital" for "analogue." The "analogue" part is very important as we use analogue synths as much as possible, as is the "network" part as we don't live near each other. However our music exchange "network" is more Royal Mail than TCP/IP.

Robin: We're glad about the Thailand thing though, now whenever we eat Thai we choose food with our name in it.

Have either of you been in bands which have worked with more traditional instruments, or is it all about the electronic gizmos for you?

T: I used to play timpani and triangle in a school orchestra—does that count? I especially used to love the booinNNGGI thing you can do by running your hand across a recently-struck timpani skin... but I think that was a bit of an unorthodox interpretation of the percussion score for "The Blue Danube."

R: It's about gizmos, although they don't have to be electronic. There are a few good funny noises you can obtain acoustically.

Is isan a bedroom project, or do you envision a more social direction to your music? Is the music you make for yourselves or for others?

T: Bedroom project. I do my tracks for Robin and my friends to enjoy. If someone gets to hear it because a label has been kind enough to release a track or tracks then that's cool, and then if someone likes it, I swell up with pride (which no amount of dieting seems to have resolved).

R: I think of it as being for public consumption, but only if Toe thinks they'll like it.

You talk of "indie cred" on your website and warn against creating authentic chart-toppers by accident. Would it really be so bad?

T: It would be fantastic to create a chart-topper accidentally or deliberately. I often think about using my kit to rustle up a summer dance-floor filler, but on one hand I wouldn't know how and on the other I'd probably dislike the music you have to make to have a hit. The other downside is you could be a one-hit wonder, and I don't think I would sacrifice the good, steady, mortgage-paying job I have now for the pressure of having to succeed following a hit.

Who do you like to compare yourselves with? Who do you align yourselves with in the music scene?

R: We try not to align ourselves with anyone, really. We're not unfriendly, but enjoy a solitary life in our own lonely furrow. You have done a few remixes, one for Seefeel on the Warp compilation and a new one for Piano Magic. What can you do for other people's songs? What can they do for you?

T: What we do for other people's songs is hopefully make the song sound as though it was squeezed through our heads and then through the bits of string that join the bits of kit together in our studio. What other people's songs do for me is refresh my creativity. It can get to be a bit of a struggle to create an isan song from scratch, and I frequently go for weeks without producing anything worthy of committing to mini disc—but when somebody provides loads of remix material as a starting point it really gets me spinning in the studio. My favourite is still the Seefeel remix, as we only had the original track on vinyl to start with [far most remixes you get all the tracks separately], and we were much better able to keep the essence of the original but mix in a healthy dollop of isan.

How is isan a two-person project? Do you come up with your songs together, or do you share ideas and half-formed songs with each other? Can you go it alone, or would the sound be completely different?

T: 95% of the tracks are created totally independently. But I couldn't go it alone because [to pinch a phrase from Robin] we've got built in quality control—if a song of mine isn't approved by Robin then it goes in the bin. There would be no point in trying to release it separately because if Robin doesn't like it then it must be rubbish.

What would make a live show for isan possible? Can

T: Nowadays, I mostly only use a computer for basic sequencing and then play layers by hand over the top. I also use my PC for making or capturing space noises and then fiddling with them in a sample editor. My favourite piece of gear is my studio workstation because it has so many knobs, sliders and flashing lights that people who come into my studio go "ooohh!" and "aaahh!" like people watching fireworks. They can scarcely believe that a mere human being can operate such a piece of complex technology with the proficiency I demonstrate.

R: I don't know how to work my studio workstation as well as Toe does; I'm one of the people making firework noise. I prefer a nightly grapple with my Korg MS10.

Do you attack your gear with ideas in mind, or do you let the gear dictate where the songs go?

T: I treat my gear with a lot of respect, the analogue stuff always instills an amount of fear because I could never recreate a good sound if I lost it. Robin's got an instinct for it though, once he even had to talk me through using my Yamaha CS-5 over the phone... in other words, the gear dictates the songs, but I help in the translation.

R: This is why we treat the gear with respect. It writes the songs for us.

How did your various labels find you? Did you shop your music around, or are you well connected in the scene?

T: Robin just seemed to know the right places to send our first couple of demos, and from our first single on Wurlitzer Jukebox, labels would then get in touch with us.

Your sound is very uncluttered. Is that the influence of the 4-track, or is that your own desire to keep the music minimal?

T: I used to run out of ideas after 4 tracks were filled. Now I've got 8 tracks, and I still run out of ideas after 4 tracks are used, but I can fiddle with the sound a bit more afterwards... that's why "salomander" sounds a bit more developed than "beautronics" I think.

R: It's also become a deliberate thing, though. There's a degree of elegance to saying what you mean without the need for whistles and bells [which anyway go on tracks 9/10].

What is your favorite drum-machine setting?

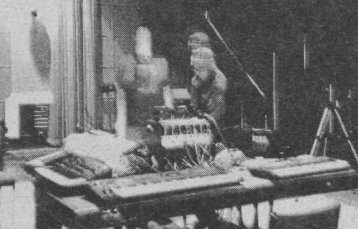
T: Off. I hate my drum machine now. I like to craft drums and drum-loops using other tools.

R: Dead slow/stop.

What do you want people to do with/to your music? Is it for dancing, or listening, or blissing out?

T: I used to think listening only, but recently we got paid by the Performing Rights Society [who usually pay us for any radio air-play, TV or DJs playing our stuff] for karaoke usage... I can only imagine people must be humming along.

R: I dance to our music, splay legged and ungainly. I also iron to it. I'd recommend it for the full range of domestic chores. I've also done a bit of bricklaying to it recently. *



you modify your gear to suit a live performance, or does your gear limit your possibilities?

T: Gear and life-style choices limit my ability and desire to work live. Only for John Peel would I do it.

R: The potential benefits [t-shirt sales?] outweigh the drawbacks [punk rockers spitting at you].

What are your favorite pieces of musical gear? How dependent are you on computers? If not at all, do you see them as a help or hindrance to the type of electronic music you make?

Zubot and Dawson

Further Adventures in "Strang" by Val Cormier

Jesse Zubot and Steve Dawson are two happening local roots musicians. As a duo they've made a big dent in the Canadian folk/roots scene with their debut CD release *Strang* [for which they scored a Juno nomination]. "Strang" is also the snappy word they've coined to describe their music, which combines elements of jazz, blues, bluegrass, and reggae. Their new release Tractor Parts: Further Adventure In Strang adds electronica to the mix and features guest spots by local talents Brad Turner, Veda Hille, and hurdy-gurdy player Pierre Imbert. DISORDER caught up with these busy boys recently and sampled suspect snacks at a South Granville bistro.

DISORDER: You two have both been playing professionally since your late teens and have interesting musical backgrounds. How'd you come to be here?

Steve Dawson: Well, I grew up in Vancouver, started playing guitar at 13 or 14, worked my way back from Led Zeppelin and Hendrix pretty quickly. Got into Chicago blues and stuff. I went to Berklee in Boston for a couple of years after high school, originally to study jazz. But I ended up getting into different kinds of stuff there like bluegrass, western swing, ragtime. Gillian Welch and David Rawlings were kind of there at the same time, so we hung out, did some trips to Nashville and got into that rootsy kind of scene. I came back here, started playing in rock bands that had cajun, bluegrass, blues influences. That's kinda turned into what we're doing now.

I hear you come from a musical family. Jesse, and from Saskatchewan, too. What's that like?

Jesse Zubot: Well, it's quite a lot different. I grew up in a town of 75 or 100 people, and then I moved to a farm with about 4 people. I was there until I graduated from high school. During that time I played with my dad in a few country and rock bands in that area. He has a lot of old jazz and blues albums, which is what I used to listen to a lot growing up: John Coltrane, Ry Cooder, Howling Wolf. I also took classical training on violin at Medicine Hat College. Every week I went there for basically a whole day and played classical music. When I got into high school I never practiced and got into lots of trouble, so at that point I started on guitar and drums. I started a hard rock band, played gigs. Then I realized I wanted to be a musician, but I didn't want to play classical, so I took the violin and started playing different kinds of stuff on it. I came out here, went to Cap College in the jazz program. I started to play a lot, mostly with Steve and our band The Spirit Merchants. We toured a lot with that, kinda got burned out, and started drifting into other kinds of music.

Then we decided to do an acoustic album to see how it would sound. We finished it, people like it a lot. That was *Strang*. We didn't really plan to play gigs. It just sorta happened, then we played tons of gigs, and now we're on the second album. So that's basically everything!

Here it is, guys: the obligatory "musical influences" question.

SD: I don't think there's any particular groups or albums that you can point to and say "that's what we do", but, say, Bill Frisell is putting out a lot of albums that have a rootsy feel, and they're melody-based. We have some things in common with that. We listen to a lot of different stuff, and it all kind of seeps in.

What's in your CD player right now?

SD: Hound Dog, which has David Hidalgo [Los Lobos] and a guy from Canned Heat, I think, a really trippy blues kind of album. I really like it for the sonic quality, just like weird blues with distorted violin solos. Right now I'm listening to a lot of old Hawaiian music from the '20s. I really like Latin Playboys and albums with production by Daniel Lanois or Mitchell Fromm. The Ron Sexsmith album is really interesting for textures and stuff. I like older, traditional music and also new stuff that's playing around with sonic experimentation.

JZ: My tastes change from month to month, but I'm listening to a lot of Howie B... his solo stuff is raw and really unique. And a guy called Squarepusher a lot. Been listening to the new Fiona Apple, it's pretty cool. And then some new music, like avant-garde jazz. A lot of drumbeats and programming is what I'm really into right now, rhythmic music.

Using "strang" as both a CD title and a concept, was that something you set down and planned?

JZ: It just kinda popped out. It was a word that worked well and described what we were doing. Other people think it's more of a big deal that we do... like, a word that isn't really a word, but it's just there.

SD: It's a good way to say that we're trying to do something a bit different, a little bit hard to define. It's just a term that doesn't really mean anything and it changes definition as we change what we do. I guess. Is there a reason why you've chosen to keep it instrumental only?

SD: That's what the band is, an instrumental group. We both do other stuff where there's singing involved. We'll sing a song or two live, but that's just not what this thing's all about.

Do you see yourself moving into more

songs?

SD: Not really. I can see having a guest vocalist, like what Veda did on this album but just as a guest thing.

JZ: I find it really weird that people always expect vocals in the band, like, that's just one instrument in the band. Why does that always have to be there?

SD: And I find about 60% of the time lyrics are really mundane or just so repetitive and so not interesting that I can't understand why they're there in the first place. There's a lot of bands that I just can't figure out, like, they've obviously just got the words there for the sake of having a singer. I understand to a certain degree, the popular music market is not going to allow an instrumental group to succeed, right? It's just not in the cards. I understand that's going to make everybody want to sing. But... not us, I guess [laughs]. It's not that we're rebelling or anything, either, it's just what we do.

JZ: Uh, hey, is this chicken done? 'Cause it tastes a little...

Well, it tastes okay to me. But what do I know?

JZ: Yeah! Okay. Will you get sick if it's not done?

SD: It doesn't look that bad. If it was bad you'd see it really pink and bloody.

JZ: Okay. Sorry about that. Um, what were you just saying?

That most lyrics are bad.

JZ: Well, I think there's more instrumental groups that are succeeding these days, like Madesk, Martin & Wood, jazz like John Scofield, Metalwood. And most new electronic



music doesn't have vocals. If it does, it's a word that's looped or phrases that repeat or something. I think that's good, because why not? It just doesn't make sense that vocals have to be in everything all the time. There's even a lot of indie bands that are instrumental, like Tortoise, The Beans, Huevos Rancheros. I think there should be more and more. But I don't mind vocals either. I'm starting a new band where I'm going to be singing most of the stuff, so I like them, but for what we do, they're not supposed to be there, really.

Would you say your focus is on melody?

SD: It's very melodically oriented.

When we're recording I'm always looking for catchy things from a pop production perspective, just

out, but it's got a pretty wide range of potential. We do a lot of different kinds of shows and we gear our shows towards audiences to a certain extent. If we're playing a small house concert

up in the middle of Vancouver Island somewhere, we're going to tone it down a bit, and if we're playing a club in Calgary we're gonna go more crazy. We're able to chameleon around a bit that way and appeal to different audiences. But yeah, a lot of traditional kind of people get weirded out, especially the bluegrass people. Our instrumentation is kind of "bluegrassy" in that we've got fiddle, mandolin, dobro, slide guitar. A lot of the stuff we play is from that angle but it sounds different and it's not something that they've heard before. But if they're open to music and interesting stuff, they usually dig it. **How does this new album differ from your last one?**

JZ: It's a little lighter overall, and there's more of a consistent bass sound, more bottom-heavy, which may be a bit more cutting-edge than the last album. I think there I feel like the arrangements are a bit deeper. It's just more mature, a little bit more together.

SD: It's more orchestrated because we spent more time and money in the studio. We spent time making sure it was interesting, a lot of layers going on without overdoing it. It's still to the point where I feel like we can recreate everything live, we can get the gist of the album with a 3-piece, and we're playing more with a percussional. It's more of a groove sound, more intricate overall.

Where did you come up with some of your musical ideas like having hurdy-

gurdy, tuba, Veda Hille

minus the singing. The instruments take that role. It's a lot different from jazz in that there's a lot of thought put into what notes are going to be on that recording. There's still a lot of improvising, but there's more thought put towards the melody and the hooks.

Do you think college radio will ever embrace Zubot and Dawson?

SD: We got quite a bit of airplay for our first album without really pursuing it that much, so we're going to pursue it this time.

JZ: I think that the music's different enough to slide into that college scene a little bit because we do play clubs sometimes and we do play for young audiences.

SD: And the weirdest people come up to us and say they like us. Everywhere from punk music fans to old people who like bluegrass.

JZ: Even a friend of our bass player's, this rapper from LA, we met him once and all he did talk about how he liked our music. For some reason, there's this weird edge to the music that is still kind of cutting as far as pop culture goes.

You've done well on the folk circuit, festivals and what not. How do they react to the music?

SD: Well, it's not so edgy that it freaks people

recorded and sent them back down. And people have done the same with us; they send tapes down to us and we send recordings back to them. It's pretty cool and hopefully we'll be able to do more of that. Digital tape is so cheap, and we've got enough simple, high-quality gear to make good-sounding stuff.

How about your label, Black Hen Music? Is that a growing empire?

SD: Right now the label consists of us. We're if we've got somebody working for us now who does publicity and promotion. We're putting out projects like Bob Kemmis and Sweet Papa Lowdown on our label, but not offering much else at the moment. We're really going to focus on making this new album successful and use that to approach a distribution company to plug our whole label. That would be great to be able to offer that deal to other artists.

What's your take on the local music scene? Do you think it deserves the rep, or rather, rap it gets, especially from musicians who've moved away?

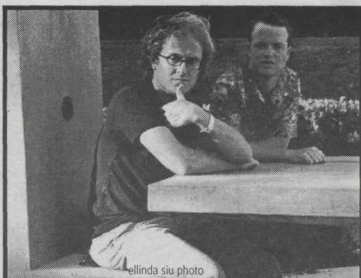
JZ: I love everything about it. I don't think there's any problem with it; the only problem is maybe people get too high, kinda sit around and don't do very much [laughs]. We've been to Toronto a few times, played and recorded with people there. I mean it's cool and all, but personally I think there's just as many really creative artists in Vancouver as anywhere I've been. I think the problem maybe is the industry. They need to have more A&R people come here and they need to help some of these people out who have lots of talent and a unique sound. There's lots of stuff going on, lots of cutting-edge stuff we've talked about, but nobody has the backing to make it more mainstream and get it out there.

What about the audiences here?

SD: I think the audiences are really good here. I don't see a problem with the live music scene. Look at a place like the Railway that's packed 4 or 5 nights a week. I don't think that moving somewhere where there appears to be a better scene is much of a solution. Like if you go to Austin where there's bars everywhere—people go, "Wow, it must be so easy and great to be a musician here." But I know people who've gone down there and they're making maybe \$30 a night, 3 nights a week.

JZ: I think it's easier to make money here as a musician.

SD: I think you can make a living anywhere you are, location doesn't really matter. Obviously Medicine Hat would be harder than here, but if you're touring, what difference does it make? I think as a musi-



ellinda siu photo

cian the responsibility is to get out there and promote your music and get people to hear it. Whether or not your hometown is totally supportive or not, really shouldn't matter that much. It'd be nice to have a really nurturing scene here, which there is sometimes, and there isn't other times. I think it's just easy to sit in a town and get bitter and say how bad the scene is.

Is world domination a possibility?

SD: We've really focused on Canada in the last year or two because we've had success doing festivals and stuff, so we're still riding that. We'll definitely be approaching labels and trying to hook up with a support system in the States in the future. And Europe, too. It's just hard to find connections. But we've got a grant to go over to Slovakia in September. It'd be really awesome to go over to Europe once or twice a year and make money. I don't think it'd be much of a stretch to do that.

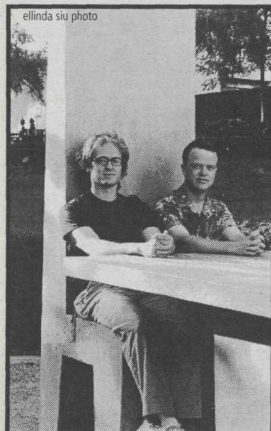
JZ: We've got a couple contacts there; we met with a label in Berlin last summer that's really cool. They do Chris Whitley and David Lindley and John Prine, but they were totally into our stuff. It's just hard getting stuff going with guys on the other side of the world.

If you could jam with anybody, living or dead, who would it be and why?

JZ: I'd like to jam with Tricky, that would be pretty fun, I think. Even though he probably wouldn't want to. And, uh, maybe like [Jean-Michel] Basquiat, that pointer, he used to play music a lot and it'd be fun to jam with someone like that. Just because his mind was really open, I think. Maybe Bill Frisell, Tom Waits, and Howie B. Oh yeah, and Trent Reznor from Nine Inch Nails. **SD:** I'd really like to play around in the studio with David Hidalgo, a multi-instrumental guy who's with Los Lobos. He's not a virtuoso, but is really into experimenting with acoustic and electric sounds. Maybe with a producer like Mitchell Froom. I'd also like to play with some really old, dead

guys. I would've loved to meet Joseph Spence, I'm kind of familiar with his style. I just think it'd be a lot of fun and he's just so crazy. But he's dead. *

ellinda siu photo



really. Meeting people at festivals, playing there. That's how we met Veda Jay, the tuba player, we met one night at the Winnipeg Folk Festival, in the middle of the night. Pierre, the hurdy-gurdy player, we met at a festival up in Whitehorse. It's really cool that we get to meet cool and crazy people like that. With this album I had some things already in mind, like the hurdy-gurdy I pictured being there right from the beginning. The other people on the album are guys that we know from around here: Chris Tarry and Brad Turner are guys that we know that are awesome musicians.

You've got your own studio?

JZ: 24-track digital, some ADAIs, pre-amps, effects units, whole bunch of instruments, sampling machine... basically a good little project studio. Between us in the past year we've probably recorded four or five albums for other people there that'll be coming out soon. Sweet Papa Lowdown, Bob Kemmis, Jeanne Tolinie [singer from Big Yellow Taxi], a song with Kinzie Starr for her new album, and a bunch of stuff with Francois Houle for a play which may go on an album in the future.

SD: The other cool thing about digital recording is that we've been able to send tapes around. Part of two tracks were recorded up in Whitehorse, we fired off the tapes, they

Check out Steve and Jesse's nifty new website at <http://www.zubotanddawson.com>

[note: no digestive tracts were harmed during the creation of this interview]

Strut & Fret



BY PENELOPE MULLIGAN

SHIRKA URECHKO pineappleheartofgoldpeacock

Wednesday, June 21
The Blinding Light!

Whatever Shirka Urechko's reasons for setting her live performances in a cinema, the choice is inspired. For from being merely convenient for works which involve video, it's almost site-specific in that she seems fueled by the spooky sacredness of the place.

A melange of sound, dance, visuals and performance art—all created by Urechko—pineappleheartofgoldpeacock is a luscious and gritty mouthful of a show. The screen was already awash with images of ocean waves (or was it whirling pineapples?) as Urechko stepped onstage bearing the titular fruit. Although the pineapple is regarded by many cultures as a symbol of hospitality, this one seemed to be causing her no end of distress and frustration. She hissed, scowled and grunted at it like a demoted Carmen Miranda, all the while whispering and rippling as if trying unsuccessfully to slip out of her

own skin. The tortured lower limbs and clubbed feet would have tipped me off to an apprenticeship with Kokoro even if a programme note hadn't mentioned it, but her upper half was a different story—it moved like a break-dancing snake. Perhaps the fruit here represented temptation because she only calmed down after she'd cut into it and had a good wallow. Slicing it into rings, she punched her fists through the flesh and shoved the rinds up her arms like bracelets. I got so thirsty watching her.

Looking at the on-screen pineapple at one point, I saw that it had been impaled on the spike of a turntable and wondered if the sound we'd been hearing was the resultant scratching of the record underneath. As we cooled ourselves out on Powell Street during intermission, both stage and dancer's body were mopped clean of pineapple juice and we returned for the peacock section. The movement here was less fraught—more joyous even, but as in the first half, Urechko wrapped her strong technique in

a disguise of wild abandon. Clutching huge bouquets of the bewitching feathers, she fanned them out behind her and pranced in subtle homage to a topless showgirl at the Follies Bizarre.

Throughout, she kept an almost perfect balance between the images on-screen and her own live cavortings. One never overpowered the other because they were never in competition. The video simply added a parallel layer to what she was doing in the flesh. It was like a footnote to her psyche, or a dream diary on film being screened by a phantom projectionist. Appropriately enough, she never interacted with it.

For some reason, the video images evoked the films of Derek Jarman. It may have had something to do with the quality of the light or the recurring image of a person emerging from baptism to make an offering—in this case, Urechko from water and sand, handing us on hourglass or belching mud from between her grinning teeth. It was both impish and disturbing.

My one niggle was that I would have liked to hear her voice punctuate the techno-flavoured soundscape more often. It would have strengthened the connection between the sounds and her inner life.

If you missed this woman, pray that she'll come back to your favourite little cinema. It's a wondrous place for live theatre.

COMPAGNIE MARIE CHOUINARD Dancing on the Edge Festival

Wednesday, July 12
Vancouver Playhouse

"Holy shit." My friend was the first to speak as we left the theatre. I'd be inclined to leave it at that, but for those of you who missed this, I'd like to try and elaborate.

Marie Chouinard is a Québec choreographer who formed her company in 1990 after 12 years as a solo performer. At last year's Dancing on the Edge Festival, she presented a 20-year retrospective of her work, ranging from the shock-value statements of her youth to the confidently crafted iconoclasm of the more recent past. I missed that show (apparently, one short piece consisted of a dancer simultaneously drinking a glass of water and peeing into a bucket) but can recall her prancing like an Egyptian frieze across a stage in Europe, wearing a strap-on. So of course I was curious to see if pockets of interna-

tional acclaim meant that her work had gradually become more "accessible."

On paper, the programme looked almost genteel—two ensemble works, the first of which was entitled "24 preludes by Chopin"—but on stage, it was clear that within this deceptively classic structure, Chouinard's psyche was as marvellously unbuttoned as ever.

Her interpretations of the preludes were highly eccentric, with the dance often seeming to work in counterpoint to the moods usually invoked by these familiar ditties. But mostly she just amazed us by showing the places the music had taken her, and then pulling us in by the gutstrings. In one bewitching segment, a quartet of women spent the entire length of a prelude undulating like flames in front of one of the footlights.

Chouinard's troupe dances with technical brilliance and volumes of passion. It's fascinating to watch the pristine syllables of classical and contemporary dance being so skillfully mutilated.

But it was with the second piece, "A World to Shout," that the lid really flew off. For 40 minutes, the stage was inhabited by the floppy black sensations that can't be described, only felt—the things that make you sick with unease as they thud softly around the pit of your stomach or fill you with scary elation as they flicker at the edges of your eyes. The

nine dancers were in control of every muscle and bone in their bodies, but such was their craft and artistry that it seemed the choreography was being wrung out of them as they popped, locked, rippled and thrusted. At one point they began cackling as the dance collapsed into contorted tableaux. Some passages were almost filmic; pairs of dancers pulled each other across the stage, one holding a position while the other laboriously dragged the entire shape into the wings to be followed by another pair. It was like a travelling human buffet in back projection—beautiful and really unsettling. Louis Dufort's electroacoustic music of scavenged sounds wasn't pretty, but it made a perfect short-wave broadcast from this primal energy field.

All hail to Liz Vandal and her audacious costume designs. She has a wonderful way with transparent fabric and strips of strategically placed black tape. The women looked innocent and at the same time, thoroughly corrupted. I only wish that the men (who spent the evening in servicable black trunks) had been as wildly attired.

Marie Chouinard choreographs from the place which has never been tamed by language, and anyone who buys into the dictum "In the beginning was the word" needed to see this programme. *

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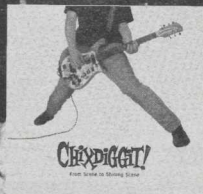
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Under Review



ALBUMS • ZINES • RECORDED MEDIA

ARCHERS OF LOAF Seconds Before The Accident (Alias)

The *Last Waltz* is **The Band's** concert film and album documenting the group's final performance. A group of men calling it quits to pursue solo projects.

Let It Be is **The Beatles'** concert film and album documenting the group's final performance. A group of men calling it quits after realizing they have outgrown their image and sadly, themselves.

Although there's no movie (yet), *Seconds Before The Accident*, **The Archers'** posthumous live album, follows in the tracks of both of the aforementioned breakup albums. Recorded throughout last year's *White Trash Heroes* tour, several tracks (particularly "Fashion Bleeds") recapture their powerful live magic, reminding me why I made the effort to see these guys five times. However, when they attempt older songs, (e.g. anything off the fantastic *Icky Mettle* debut) they sound sluggish, tired, and wanting to be anywhere but

onstage. The audience nonetheless sound like they're having a blast, and if you've ever seen bassist Matt Gentling thrash in time to the music or singer Eric Bachmann spit every syllable, you'll know why. Unfortunately, if "Seconds" is to be the Archers Of Loaf's "swan song" they may have to make an accompanying film to truly document their melodic velocity onstage.

Luke Mead

BELLE AND SEBASTIAN Fold Your Hands Child, You Walk Like A Peasant (Sub Pop)

Yeah, yeah, yeah. **Belle and Sebastian** this, Belle and Sebastian that. Oh! The great melodist! Oh! The haunting lyrical beauty of the lyrical Oh! The "arty," "collective" feel of their aesthetic production! Blah, blah, blah.

[Of course, the only reason I am saying this is so that the rest of you won't get this CD. I want every Tom, Dick and Harry to forget about them so I can pretend I'm the only one that knows about them, and they're not the

biggest known indie band the world has ever seen. It's better thinking of them that way. I mean, what were we to expect with this album? It's Belle and Sebastian!]

Anthony Monday

D.B.S. If Life Were a Result We'd All Be Dead (Crop)

Though this album of songs from various '75, released and aborted, doesn't quite live up to the brilliance of the two recorded in between, an average **d.b.s.** album is still better than virtually anything else out there. Musically, this album shows the band wearing its *Lifetime* and *Jawbreaker* influences on its sleeve, and lyrically it marks an awkward transition between the unflinching politics of *I Is for Insignificant* and the intensely personal nature of *Some Boys Got It*, *Most Men Don't*. While not particularly relevant in light of what the band has produced since, *If Life Were a Result...* is a must for the hardcore fan, as it documents the evolution of the

sound we all know and love today.

Godfrey J. Leung

GRANDADDY The Sophware Slump (V2)

I like beer. Oh boy, do I like beer. And I like skateboarding. And I think beards are pretty nifty too. So two years ago, when I found out that **Grandaddy** was a band of bearded skateboarders who drank lots of beer, I was really excited. I chugged my hi-test, wiped my hairy chops and skated down to Zulu to buy *Under the Western Freeway*. I figured I should choose my music the same way I choose my friends—according to common interests. And it paid off: Grandaddy's first major release was more than I had hoped for. It brought wobbly falsetto vocals together with lo-fi organ and VMC 20 sound effects. And it made a sound divine. On the ride home from countless long road trips, *Under the Western Freeway* rocked the van gently along its way. It was a good companion when all of the other companions were passed out in the back.

It's the year 2000 now, and my beard is a distant memory. I drink less and I skateboard less. I've changed a little but not a lot. And Grandaddy has changed a little too. Their second album *The Sophware Slump* is more mellow and mature than its youthful predecessor. The defining elements are still there, but a layer of stu-

dio polish has muted some of the raw hormonal energy of two years ago. It's all part of growing older, I suppose. I don't drink a case of beer and then flip-off the cops anymore. And Grandaddy doesn't write crescendo wonder-songs like "AM 180" anymore. But Grandaddy still writes great songs—songs about broken household appliances, lost loves and waking up drunk in a park. Grandaddy still writes songs that make me stare into the night and thank the stars above for good companions, skateboarding, and beer.

Jamie MacLaren

THE HEADCOATS I Am the Object of Your Desire (Buff Medway)

The final drop from the sweatiest of garage punk bands has been unleashed. And I mean old sweat, sweat brought the odors of biologically processed moldy beers, sweat that literally hits the crowd at a live show of Wild Bill Childish and his Headcoats. Following their final concert at Tufnel Park Dome, **Headcoats** will be no more. Their eyes are disintegrating, their teeth are turning to glue, allegedly. I am *The Object of Your Desire* is your last chance to hear pure, beautifully dark rock. Your last chance to let Billy crawl into your mouth. Well, that is, until Childish and his new projects, Swedish Erotica and The

Friends of the Buff Medway Fanciers Association (for **The Buff Meds** for short) take us in again.

Namiko Kunimoto

KID TWIST El Musico (Independent)

Vancouver ex-pat Eugene Ripper (aka Bruce Charlup) simply refuses to disappear, and instead comes back in another musical incarnation every couple of years or so. This time around, the Halifax resident has teamed up with bassist Tim Stewart and drummer Marty Coles to form this trio, Ripper's first since the demise of his psychedelic pop combo, **Dead Head Cool**, over six years ago.

Kid Twist creates a melange of sounds on this eight-song charmer. A little bit of rockabilly, psych, surf-instrumental, country, a good helping of pop, and a dollop of blues make the trio's repertoire on this album perfect barroom fodder. I envision these guys playing behind chicken wire in your local redneck drinking establishment to great appreciation—and a couple of thrown bottles. That's not to say the music is not accessible, it is just good time music for relatively simple folks. Naturally, this means you shouldn't even think about buying this album if you are looking to be cerebrally challenged. It is good summertime drinking or bawling on the front-stoop kind of music, though.

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DAMIAN JURADO Chordz David (Sub Pop)

I hate Chrisi Min. Not because she is a talented, beautiful woman who is all joy. Not because she is, without trying, the most beautiful I could ever be on any given day. No, I hate her because she is always right. Last week, as I mumbled grumbled stumped down and played because I had not heard from somebody guy I was [I admit it now] only half in love with, she said, "Don't worry. You'll fall in love next week."

As usual, she was right, and as usual, it's the most pure kind of love: he's beautiful, talented, sad and wonderful. He likes being quiet in my house, especially at sunset. He's called **Damian Jurado**.

The first few songs come across with all the lonely honesty of Texas. As if every sad cowboy crowded into my CD box and sung in unison, I could practically hear the cicadas creaking in the red dirt. But he moves beyond the boundaries of that dusty state, and goes liquid. A dulciana replaces the guitar, and something a little more urban enters his voice—a whole city of displaced cowboy ghosts. Like the title, *Ghost of David*, I imagine every note he plays, each state filtered sample of his voice through an old radio, is the footstep of some lonely dead creature. The entire CD is a monologue to something or someone ephemeral, ethereal.

But it maintains the honesty of the earth he stands on; and it does not dissipate into some airy, ethereal transcendence. The lines between songs—some verging on the noise-like—keeps the CD interesting and as honest as a broken hearted man can be. Those who don't know me can laugh at my fatish with this kind of man. Those who do, will only shake their heads, I know, but how can I resist?

How could I turn down a tribute to the all ghosts inside us? All the ghosts that are quiet, occasionally angry. All the ghosts that are broken hearted and beautiful, with a square jaw and a cowboy hat.

Anthony Mondy

JURASSIC 5 Quality Control (Interprete)

Hitting #1 of both the CMJ and the Gavin charts, backed by Universal Music and Interscope Records, the latest release from Jurassic 5 need further acclaim. *Quality Control*'s catchy lyrics, breakbeats and "rhyme rapping" of four MCs were the key to herding from LA, the four MCs and two DJs (Cut Chemist and DJ Nu-Mark) met at the Good Life Café at an open mic session. Formerly members of **Rebels of Rhythm** and **The Unity Committee**, the group came together in 1993 to release *Unleashed Rebellion*, and then went on to produce the *JP EP* in '97. Like the EP before it, *Quality Control* is perfect storm music. The tracks are diverse,

reminiscent of the "Impromptu" sessions of the "Concrete Swing Set," to swing beats in "Swing Set." More accessible than some recent turntablist ventures, *JP* still keeps a genuine beat.

Nomiko Kimimoto

MARSHMALLOW COAST Seniors & Juniors (Intercore)

"Fill under true-nut lo-la-la," warns CMJ. I, however, find their use of bells, an out of tune piano, and deadpan singing endearing. **Marshmallow Coast** borrows from **The Postal Service**, **Johnston**, and, most noticeably, fellow Athens, GA sceneries **Neutral Milk Hotel**, but the end result is all their own. A product of childlike innocence and spare instrumentation, *Seniors & Juniors* is a lo-fi masterpiece and a testament to the undeniable power of the 4 track. Song titles include "The Under School," "Creative Writing," "Little Pythagoras," and "Home from School," as if you needed any more prodding to check out this album.

Godfrey J. Leung

M'LUMBO VS. KOBALT Spinning Tourists in a City of Ghosts (Univ. of)

This is a sample-laden disk of what appears to be live-generated compilation-style music. When I say "compilation" I mean that each track is definitely compiled in an almost avant-garde pastiche sort of way. Utilizing live guitar, flute, english horn, and synthesizer, the sounds come off as if they're transcribed from a times chaotic, sometimes pastiche weirdness. This can be a trip into noise, or as the last jam "All You Have To Do Is Relax and Listen (And Let Your Subconscious Do the Rest)" devolves, blissed out trippiness. Radio samples abound, as do clips from **The Orb** and the piano chords from **Robert Miles**' "Children" played by a band member, chanting monks float around the periphery with loud laughter, BBC newscasts with gongs and guitar scratching run through a delay filter, and outbursts of a manic spirit and synthesizer. What is this shift? The photo on the inside cover of the band/grooves show what looks to be a cross between exhippie metalheads, nerds, and plain teases with a Kurt Vonnegut Jr. look-alike on the far left. But who am I to judge by appearance? This is not a listening trip, and it's worth your trip to hunt it down and out.

Tobias

MIKE O'NEILL What Happens Now? (Perimeter/Universal)

I'll be honest and admit that I chose this CD to review for two reasons. I was a fan of **The Inbreds**, Mike O'Neill's former project, and I also wasn't sure whether or not I wanted to lay down any of my greasy paycheck for O'Neill's new CD. Now I'm facing the predicament

of writing a review without sound, as it's the main reason I don't like **What Happens Now?** as much as I liked **The Inbreds** is because it's not the Inbreds. It's not really a predicament, because **What Happens Now?** is much more like the Inbreds' old, bass-and-drum-based pop, only with more instruments per song than O'Neill ever attempted with his former project. Oh, and it's not nearly as enjoyable as anything the Inbreds released during their existence or as is.

cat moore

MR. DIBBS Turntable Scientifists (four ways to rock)

Strange turntablist rife with movie samples and enticing drawn-out scratches while ending around me of *Star Wars* lasers. According to the liner notes, this mix was originally released in 1995 and is now considered an "underground hip-hop mixtape classic." "Creative Writing" good and well worth the CD release. The skills of **Mr. Dibbs** are original, and the tempo & quick record lengths as well as mood swing provide a roller-coaster listening experience that delves from jazz riffs to Scooby Doo samples all mixed together with a breakfast. Good shit.

Tobias

SLUM VILLAGE Fantastic Vol. 2 (Ampic Pop)

This is my fave for album of the summer. The beats done by the one and only **Jay Dee** provide a chillaxing backbone for the songs, though the whole album does not live in the lyrics. As familiarity breeds favoritism, the tracks on the album is feeling most like "Climax." "Get Dis Money," and "Find in Love" all ones I've heard before. Other tracks were just too body for me, especially "Hold Tight," featuring hip hop's #1 guy who fell off, **Q-Tip**. Regardless, this is a great summer music—nothing too heavy or too intense—so go and cop the album.

Jan-9

THE TARBOX RAMBLERS The Tarbox Ramblers (Torbox)

Everyone's looking for their folk-country-blues roots these days: people who rarely see a healthy one, much less the blues. The Ramblers are buying up old Folkways recordings and driving to hicksville looking for musical inspiration. Boston's **Tarbox Ramblers** have done their homework, and like a generation of folk revivalists before them, their holy grail was **Henry Smith's** *Anthology of American Folk Music*. The great thing about the Ramblers is they've got the old country drone down pat. Traditional tunes aren't about country hooks and skinny jeans, they are about endurance. Find a good couple of chords, grease your wheel, and stick to that groove for as long as it takes. Flouting standards like "Oh Death" and "The Cuckoo" are

mixed in with originals like "Third June Blues," and it all comes out flat and dirty, with a little fiddling to boot. It's no surprise that one-time touring folkie **Spider John Koerner** plays with these guys a lot. The Tarbox Ramblers take a little while to grow on you, but anyone who covers "St. James Infirmary" deserves my attention.

Anna Friz

VARIOUS ARTISTS Cavestomp! Vol. 1 (Cavestomp)

The other morning, while lying in bed with Julie after some baby making, I was in the mood to listen to new *Cavestomp* disc to get the day started. Julie, exhausted from the torrid exchange of body fluids we had just participated in, was in no mood to listen to a three-year-old garage rock concert. But by the time the **Swingin' Neckbreakers** kicked in on track four, she was stumped around the room like a kicking newt! When **The Nomads** ripped into "Primalordial Ooze," she looked at me and said, "Dear boyfriend, your boring service industry job for a day, let's go break into the premiere of the new *Flintstones* movie *Viva Rock Vegas* at the Coliseum and I'll go down on you like **Aleni**!" **Marcelle** This *Cavestomp* CD is making my shit chafe my flanks, if you know what I mean. Let's commit incest acts all day!

Excited at the prospect of a day off work, I briefly pondered her plan, realizing immediately that it could not be consummated. I turned to her and said, "My dear Julie, the sight of Billie Baldwin and his bumbling ways would—as **Ice-T** has been known to say—cold spoil the erection, ruining any chance of me being able to salute like a good soldier. Besides, if we were to be caught, we would probably get locked up like **Pee Wee Herman** where we would surely get taken advantage of by the other inmates, and I'd be willing to bet you can't listen to old **Question Mark** and the **Mysterians** in the pen." She agreed, and we ended up watching some German *Wurst* television sauerkraut off each other's stomachs all day.

"Julie's" new "boyfriend"

VARIOUS ARTISTS Down to the Promised Land (Bloodshot)

The Bloodshot Records 5th anniversary collection is a testament to the intense recording activity that label has overseen. Self-described as "the home of insurgent country," Bloodshot has become the likes of the **Willie Brothers**, **Alejandro Escovedo** and **Andre Williams** to our CD players, not to mention luring some prime country hooks and skinny jeans. **The Sadies** and **Neko Case** take to moonlight down south.

So you would expect this two-CD set to be a hot item; but, sad to say, it's not. All country is prone to mediocrity as much as

any other kind of country music, and while these songs may be too hard for Nashville, too many are too straight for me. [Not to mention **Sally Timms**, who I found really annoying opening for **Freekwater**, is all over the album]. Where is the count we know and love? I always thought "insurgent" meant a band wasn't afraid scrape a little shit off their boots, and most of these honkytonk vision just stepped in something nasty. Why is everyone channeling the **Rolling Stones** and not **ole Hank Sr.**? I guess all you need to be insurgent in this country is to buy some leather rodeo jeans.

Having said that, there are some pretty stellar exceptions: **Trailer Bricks** plays hard and fast, as does **Split Lip Rayfield** (with a gas tank blast). **Robbie Fulks** pulls off a nice little country swing tune anniversary tribute, the **Waco Brothers** cover of **The Who's** "Baba O'Riley" is worth fast-forwarding for, and few non-Bloodshot bands like **Giant Sand** make guest appearances as well. Either you worship at the altar of old country and love this, or else you stick to the individual bands you know will deliver and bypass the honkytonk blues.

Anna Friz

WEIGHTS & MEASURES Weights & Measures (Marlock)

I recently watched a show in Seattle where the singer lost his voice and couldn't finish the set. A kid from the audience was chosen at random to fill in, who just yelled into the mic because he didn't know any lyrics. While one might suppose that this would completely ruin things, it turned out to actually be okay-sounding and much funnier.

My point, I'm pretty sure, is that vocals brighten things up, just like plants in your apartment. It's the finishing touch that **Weights & Measures**, a three-piece from Ottawa, could maybe use. Just a few, here and there; they don't even have to make sense because reality, most people never bother to figure out what their favorite bands are saying in their lyrics. **Weights & Measures** would be out of work because their lyrics are stupid.

As it is, **W&M's** self-titled album is highly musical and rocks with the precision of a Swiss train driven by robots. You might actually be able to set your watch by it.

Their halting sound is aggressive and melodic, and very tight. Never deviating from a strict guitar/bass/drums setup, and all the better for it, the band enjoys coming up with song titles as lengthy as their chord progressions. I've now written Christmas time I'd say "It's the perfect stocking-stuffer for the aggro post-rock math head on your list." I guess that it's your turn to go and pick up your sunscreen at Wal-Mart and head to the beach with this ideal summertime soundtrack!

Paul Crowley

the
sugar
refinery
115 granville
upstairs
683-2004
J.28
the beans
J.29 the butless
chaps
J.30 the
molestics
every tuesday
the millennium
project
August
J.2 Piano +
donkey engine
thos the radio
F04 under the
table
S05 Joel R. Phelps
S06 experimental
electronic
Tuesday opening...
you're never
too old
a one act play
about a love
triangle in
an old folks
home by
michael saurette
runs until the
20th
starts 8pm
approx an
hour long
call for details
tho abizelleh
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dixie death
pool
Bruno hubert
the sugar
refinery will
be on vacation
+ closed
August 22 -
sept 05
call for more
events...

Real Live Action



LIVE MUSIC REVIEWS

MAD CADDIES GROOVIE GHOULES GRADE THE STATUS Sunday, July 2 Grandview Legion

"Phony thers instead of rage, pretend you're sensitive so you get laid." —Spazz, from "Campaign for Emo Destruction."

I love Amy from the **Groovie Ghoules**. I love her band. I love her vampire theme. I love her big, frizzy hair. She is so rude. She even plays the drums like a fuckin' riot. I want to marry her someday and have a whole batch of punk babies who will grow up and start a band that won't suck as much as **Grade**. But I'm getting 'til a little worried.

If I don't get off my duff and act soon, Kyle, the singer from **Grade**—a wolf in Cap clothing if I've ever seen one—will don his black cape and magic, black emo trousers and swoop in from Emo Land (a province in "The Country Where All Bands Suck") wailing Amy back to the "sensitive onal don" with his perfectly groomed hair and black, ribbed turtle-neck sweater. At his air, Kyle will introduce her to his neighbours in **The Mad Caddies** and **The Status**. The Status guys will take their mouths off **The Black Halos**' cocks in order to say "Welcome to The Country Where All Bands Suck." Amy. We hope you have a pleasant stay" and then everyone will break out the chips, pop, and **Mighty Mighty Bosstones** records so she can celebrate the capture of another victim.

I cannot let this happen. If I do, it will not take long before emo vampire Kyle and the rest of his bandmates convince Amy to trade in her **Kiss** belt buckle for a **Boy Sets Fire** one, and she will end up in the front row at the Warped Tour, singing along to every band. The girl of my dreams will be gone forever, and I will be left crying in the rain, like so many pathetic emo kids.

raddis gaboba

SUBMISSION HOLD FLYING FOLK ARMY A LUNA RED Sunday, July 2 DANSPACE

This show, a benefit for two Vancouver animal rights activists, was held in a tiny room full of anarchists. I walked the way from my house and got a sun-

bath. Those who try very hard to be fashionable and fail tend to despise those who try very hard to be fashionable and succeed. Having **A Luna Red** would be too easy—jack Duckworth's skin-piercing **Killing Jane** shirt might be justification enough. Hipster poppy aside, **A Luna Red** is a great

band, and they put on a hypnotic performance. Duckworth played a brass as a lead instrument to surprising effect. His blurry fingers never seemed to be hitting the right notes, but it worked. Pedals, keys, and some guitar are used for the dense drone synth dim. All the mostly aesthetically pleasing nostalgic references (**Swans**), even **Cabaret**, **Voltaire** are in place, so it's only a matter of time before **A Luna Red** and their fanboys design sense conquer those of us with less attractive clothes.

Flying Folk Army contrasted strikingly with the previous band's Aethia. They didn't use much amplification. They smiled and joked. Their extremely danceable song on worker's revolution had crusty punks doing boisterous jigs. Even a reworking of **Boney M's "Rasputin"** seemed completely honest, fresh and without irony. This ensemble has spirit and guts and passion—and, more importantly, joy. Revolution doesn't have to be depressing.

Submission Hold first play in years and years. Memories of cold North Vancouver canyons and tortuously long bus rides float up when I try to recall earlier performances, with adolescence. The time lapse meant that I was blown away by the band's evolution into a chillingly tight outfit. Flute has been incorporated into their songwriting with ease and beauty. **Submission Hold** have always been good; now, however, they are simply amazing. The fact that they have absolutely no phoniness or attitude makes them even more ethereal and bizarre—at least to someone like me who has to deal with music industry bullshit every single day. In between songs they talked about killing bosses. I don't really have a boss, but I might as well get it off my chest anyway: fuck you House of Blues, rat in hell! EM. Don't go to the Commodore; don't buy the CDs we review. Make your own culture.

Inoshishi

DIANOGAH JOEL R.L. PHELPS/TIM MIDGETT VERMILION Wednesday, July 5 Breakroom (Seattle)

Vermilion consists of a mini-Jason Newstead, a teenage **Tim Midgett** with a bowl cut and glasses, and two other guys who don't look like famous rock stars. They sound post-metal—like mullahs frolicking in **David Pajo's** backyard. Fine. But then comes the wah-wah. What is wrong with people? It's called a "wah-wah" pedal for Chuck's sake. It runs bands and lives.

Two guitars, two microphones, **Joel R.L. Phelps**, and

Tim Midgett. They played **Silkworth** songs, old and new, a **Concert Angels** tune, and a few of Phelps' songs that are more beautiful than nature itself. I couldn't have been happier. Okay, I exaggerate. I heard "What's the landmass?" as I was walking out the door, but I can't confirm it because we had to leave and make the long, dark drive home.

Christa Min

THE REVEREND HORTON HEAT HANK WILLIAMS III Friday, July 7 Comex

I had no idea what to expect from **Hank Williams III**, as I had never heard of him before and neglected to read *The Georgia Straight's* insightful article about him. I was to be quite honest, I missed a good portion of his set due to an unfortunate transportation mishap, but according to my friends who did see the whole thing I missed out. What I did see was impressive and unexpectedly punky [however, had I read the *Straight* article, this would have been so unexpected]. My friends have inspired me to **the Jesus Lizard** was one of the members of Williams' band, and to them, at least, this was extremely impressive and went a long way to selling them on Williams.

News on the Reverend. Wow. These guys played a marathon with an original set over an hour and an encore that seemed to go on forever (in a good way). When the band first took the stage all I could think was "Fuck, these guys are old," but I should have known that that only means they are more experienced. These guys know how to work a crowd. From the between-song comments to Jim climbing on Jimbo's standup bass, the whole set on a show. I spent the whole set in the sweaty, sweaty, very aggressive mood pit [no joke] with some of the best shows I have ever seen. The show's pinnacle was a 10-minute rendition of "Big Red Rocket of Love" in which all

band members played wicked solos. This show was fairly sparsely attended, possibly thanks to the hefty \$18 price tag. Even though I didn't have to pay, it was well worth it. Ahem.

CV

BLACK HEART PROCESSION SHANNON WRIGHT RADIOGRAM Saturday, July 8 The Brickyard

On a cloudless, bright summer day, the last thing you want to see is a band that doesn't smile, right? Wrong. As I walked to the Brickyard that evening, passing by flower-patterned dresses and trendy fold-up scooters, I was looking forward to the blue, depressing coos and drones of **Patt Jenkins** and some **Saw**. Yes, it was. That's right, the *Strait* man plays a saw. He plays that saw damn well, too.

The first band on for the night, **RadioGram**, cranked out a full set of raucous country songs. An accordion and a guest singer, Shelley Campbell, made me write "countryish" instead of "country." Though slowing down and departing from the influential folk of having occasionally, the lead singer's crooning and whining only made me feel as though I was the middle passenger in a beatup old pickup on a Friday night, chewing straw and looking forward to a night of watery beer and cow tipping.

Shannon Wright had this wicked little trick that showed the attitudes of her electric piano and lit up on each note as she hit them. Made by Wurliizer, contact was she hit the keys that a lot of the black keys were lighting up—black means minor chords, and that means evil. Evil. With her hair covering her face 80% of the time, she bounced between her guitar and piano, occasionally accompanied by her expressive drummer. Many people were surprised that a cute little redhead could be so bizarre and scary, but at the end of her set everyone got a little bumper sticker saying, "Shannon Wright kicked my ass." **Black Heart Procecion**, armed with an accessory palette of strange and wonderful sound making devices (including the drummer's handcupping sheet metal), brought their slowpaced and darkish soundscapes melodic, sound-cueing enough to make the skid doorman cry. Definitely a group that will never get the exposure they deserve. The sounds they weave within their modest means are produced with care and precision—less of an incision and more of a complement. Well done. The band did a one-song encore before slipping off the stage and out of Vancouver. After the show I went home, had a glass of water, and cried myself to sleep.

Master Bat

ALL WRETCH LIKE ME THE ROOFIES Tuesday, July 11

Starfish Room

This show was fairly sparsely attended, possibly thanks to the hefty \$18 price tag. Even though I didn't have to pay, it was well worth it. Ahem.

The Roofies opened things up. Three girls and **All Roads Bug House** on drums, playing pretty basic four-chord punk. The singer certainly impressed me: nice pipes. Their show was somewhat listless, perhaps because no one was within 50 feet of them. Nonetheless, they were far from bad.

Also from Fort Collins, CO (adopted home of **All** and **CO** of their studio and label, **O&O**) was **Wretch Like Me**. Fronted by former **My Name** yelper **Abbe Brennan**, this band was fucking phenomenal. Called by some the **Black Flag** of **O&O** Records, this band has a sound that's similar to **Black Flag** but with bizarre song structures and tempo changes. Tight, tight, tight, despite missing a member and having Stephen Egerton filling in on guitar. What makes this band a real one is **Abbe**. Get me some of whatever this guy was on, man. A human whirlwind, this dynamo leapt about the stage like a marionette in the hands of a psychic child in the **Black** sense. Showmanship to the nth power. We may never know, however, if his aborted lips were on purpose or not. Only his characteristric know for sure.

Reassuringly of course, was **All**. This, as you may know, is my favorite band around. Their **Descendents** incarnation, they were. Topping **Wretch Like Me** was no small feat, and frankly, they didn't try. The *Strait* set was from the new **Problematic II**, which is by no means their worst, but the loudest rants greeted dips into the catalogue like "Carnage," "Do," and "See My Eye." Not a *Milero* note in the bunch. The set included the gradual revelation of **Chad Price's** sweaty butt-crack and the worst attempt at stage-diving/crowd-surfing ever.

So they left the stage, and we all waited for the inevitable. A pleasant surprise, though, even for those of us expecting the encore to be the high point. The band came around around: **Stephen** on drums, **Abbe** on guitar, **Abbe** on bass, and **Karl** on vocals. This lineup, much more energized than the standard, tore through "Coolidge," "Nervous Breakdown," and their great rendition of "Baby's Yell." An amazing performance all around, followed by a second encore, with **All** in their correct places, when "Crazy" and "I'm Not a Loser" ended the night with a bang. At any rate, they're my favorite band, and I tend to cut them up in my reviews, but this band blew me away tonight. Even if I had to wait 45 minutes after they started for them to do it.

Trevor Fielding

LEGENDARY PINK DOTZ Wednesday, July 12 Richards on Richards

Strangely things have happened to Vancouver since last year's **Legendary Pink Dotz** concert. The bus system changed its name.

The phone company did the same. The **Starfish Room** ceased inflicting its particular (lamented) brand of crowd dynamics/ventilation problems on the young and hip. And amidst all these seemingly trivial or unrelated changes, the goats got off me! Low.

People were smiling at this lately attended show. They were dancing. They were wearing clothes. For the first time in three LPD shows, no ODing girls collapsed on the way. It was SO *Wretched*. You know what else is weird? **Edward K-Spel** is the only dirty, ugly, barefoot old crazy man in a dressing gown who regularly makes rosy-cheeked 22-year-olds swoon in amorous bliss. And I'm one of them! Jesus Christ, I have a picture of the man in my kitchen. How he manages to sire new fans in every generation frankly escapes me. During the show, I struggled to remember how I became devoted to LPD's death-prone oeuvre, but I knew all the words to "Clotade" and even did the "six six six" hand gestures.

Louder and more dissonant than *melod*, the *Pinkdotz* cranked through trancey, extended versions of new and old material. Sometimes they were really off. Sometimes they were astounding. In I was delighted to see the *Strait* set was from the new *Problematic II*, which is by no means their worst, but the loudest rants greeted dips into the catalogue like "Carnage," "Do," and "See My Eye." Not a *Milero* note in the bunch. The set included the gradual revelation of **Chad Price's** sweaty butt-crack and the worst attempt at stage-diving/crowd-surfing ever.

Barbara

MASADA Saturday, July 22 Meany Theatre (Seattle)

The music industry is entirely ridiculous. Luckily, I escaped the cocktails, cell phones, and the mediocre standard of music by fleeing to the Meany Theatre on the University of Washington campus to see **Masada**.

The problem is that no one in the free world has the authority to talk about this band—not the people who wrote the concert to impress their diets by playing "I Know More About **John Zorn** Than You"; not the Associate Professor of Music who gave a pre-show lecture and sang augmented melodies [what a jack-ass]; and certainly not me [also a jack-ass], a college student whose vocabulary count is less than most ESL's.

If I said that **Joey Brann** made great drummers look like babies sucking their dummies, that the power of Douglas' and Zorn's horns was as if they stole the breath out of everyone and used it for themselves, that Cohen's bass lines were more like curves that drew pictures, that **Masada** couldn't have been tighter even if all of their hair had been braided together, you still wouldn't understand why I had to have seen it.

Christa Min

DISCORDER GOES TO THE JAZZ FEST!

My "I don't know anything about jazz" statement continues to serve me well. I attended the 15th annual du Mouster International Jazz Festival Vancouver with an open mind and open ears, learning as I watched and listened. I missed 3 days of the festival, which is produced by Coastal Jazz and Blues Society, then saw 25 shows in 7 days. Almost all of them sounded musically professional, to my untrained ears, hands! were great, and two left me utterly soiled. Maybe it was the fact that I hadn't recovered from a virus—hell, maybe it was the alignment of the planets that week—but I found the festival felt like it was lacking a pulse. Without realizing I was even listening—and looking—for it, I couldn't find the vibrancy that is crucial to the success of any event. I would have preferred to attend fewer concerts and enjoyed them much more, rather than restlessly propel myself from show to show.

Restlessness proved to be a great motivator, as I found myself stimulated and challenged by music that I'm largely unfamiliar with and by musicians who played their instruments imaginatively and wholeheartedly. This is an entirely subjective list, in no particular order, of bands that I'd go out of my way, and pay, to see again:

Butcher/Durant
Monitor Trio
Tramontana & Schioffini
Moore/Phillips/Hosinger
Italian Instabile Orchestra
Phillips de Jodee
Chris Gestrin Trio
Moore/Lee/van der Schijff
Omar Sosa
Rob Amos Quartet
Alberto Adams
Bebel Gilberto
Tristan Hosinger

Many of the shows had a high "accessibility factor." This was the only aspect I consciously listened for; whether the music "could" be heard by someone who'd never attended the Jazz Fest, or who hadn't been exposed to this type of music, or just wanted to expand her listening landscape. It's a safe bet that 50% is indicative of the festival as a whole; one reason there are so many free shows is to introduce people to jazz in all its variations. Crucial to the accessibility factor is a minimal amount of intellectualizing, by musicians and audience alike. This "you're cool because you listen to jazz, but we're just too cool because we understand it" snobbery is an instant turn-off, a one-upmanship that belies the whole idea of openness and creativity. As do attempts to define the music itself, which can be only loosely categorized as "free jazz," "straight-ahead jazz," "world music flavored," "percussion/piano/string-based," and other similarly useless terms. I heard little musical deconstruction this year, of course, that could be because I missed a lot of shows, didn't stay for complete sets, and spent the seven days surrounded by people yet often entirely alone.

As always, I was grateful and content to be alone, especially when I wanted to make a quick exit. Here, in no particular order, is a subjective list of bands that I wouldn't see again if I was paid to:

Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra with Wynton Marsalis
Martin Mayes
Los Moccos
Rick Lee Jones
Buckley/Batchelor Quintet
Nils Landgren's Funk Unit

Although these bands did nothing for me, I noticed the audiences were appreciative, as they were at all the shows I attended. A JazzFest audience is atypical of Vancouver—relaxed and generous—and the performers respond in kind. They deliver lots of music, little banter, and no "Hey, Vaaaanocooovuuu, how ya doin' out there!" These unexpected joys are the lifeline of a festival, the often-inert pleasures that keep people coming back annually. It wasn't just the lack of rock star antics, the largely packed houses, or the glorious weather that persuaded me to attend yet more concerts, even when I felt saturated with sound. It was realizing that I'm finally comfortable not only in all the venues, but in all the atmospheres as well. I've been listening to music that apparently falls under "jazz" for eight or nine years now and have been attending the festival regularly for just three years. This was the first year that I wasn't intimidated by the music or by the fact that I'm not part of the target audience. I'm not a WASP male, I don't play an instrument or study music, and I noticed very few Asians in attendance, either as musicians or audience members. I cannot credit the Jazz Fest for creating a non-judgmental, non-intimidating, non-whatever-one-needs-to-be-comfortable environment. I created that largely on my own, and it took longer than I did when I began exploring other subcultures, art-related or otherwise.

I'll attend the festival again partly because I enjoy the challenges it presents me with, personal, curial, visual, emotional... this year, I

noticed the simple beauty of a trombone and how noise can become music and music becomes indistinguishable from a plethora of sounds. In the middle of the second show I saw Marilyn Crispell (or Crispell/Strid/Hoelle) play a piano solo last the end of the first set. It was sublime. A short, gentle piece of music that could so easily be lost amongst the thousands of sounds that I heard, and that stays with me two weeks later, sums up all my reasons for continuing to listen to "difficult" music—even if I can't dance to it.

Devina Naran

ANDY MILNE'S COSMIC DAPP THEORY

Sunday, June 25

Performance Works

Andy Milne is just another pussy Canadian. The 33-year-old pianist starts his *Cosmic Dapp Theory* because "I wanted to use it to tell passionate stories, promote peace, and inspire collective responsibility towards uplifting the human spiritual condition." And why not? That has always been a prime function of jazz, even when acidity is added. With his Cosmic Dapp theory, Milne has retained that essential element of blending structured rhythm with improvisation that made his previous ensemble, New York's **M-BASE Collective**, so exciting and groovy.

At this recent show I found Milne's leadership to be slightly heavy handed; sometimes, his band sounded a bit submissive to his dominant keyboard playing, but hey—what the fuck do I know? Fuck all! He had on MC, **Kokayi**, with him—and people, this acid jazz was very JAZZ—so it was fascinating to hear how different rhyming sounds when done within a jazz form—not just with some horn breaks and some funky **Ron Carter** bassline, but in the middle of a sonically challenging modern jazz piece. Sometimes Kokayi went from rapping into scatting, and I had never considered the natural relation between the two until I heard that. The flow was perfect. One problem: Kokayi kept air-bass-playing (like airguitaring). Now, no matter how jazz-cool you are and how accurately you're miming it, playing air instruments puts you right in the middle of a **Kim Mordaunt** song, which you want to be there. Further bitching: during the last song the boss player went into a **Pat Metheny** track that went on too long, conjuring up images of unicorns dancing in dew-drenched forests while beautiful female mimes in white bell bottoms fed them fruit. I did really like the AMCDT though. Drums, bass, keys, gorgeous vocals from a gorgeous vocalist (Vania Majical), a harmonica—and goddamn, that fuck the guitar. One last thing: I didn't find out who the DJ was that played between sets, but he was great. Again, a little too mellow for me, but he had a great acid jazz selection. I would go anywhere this guy is spinning, preferably with lots of Quadulads.

Hancunt

BRAD MEHLDAU TRIO

Wednesday, June 28

Performance Works

This trio opened for some drunk fool two years ago at this festival and was back again at the same place, but this time as the headliner. During this period, **Brad Mehldau** has received many praises: passionate, soulful, evocative, beautiful, brilliant. He's all that and then some, but...

They started off with "The More I See You," and it seamlessly morphed into "Dreams Song." Very nice. This was a very good concert, but when comparing their performance from two years back, it was a little more subdued, their collective playing has lost some of its intensity. However, the soul, the essence of the group is the same, very emotional and deep. For an encore they performed that **Nick Drake** classic again, "River Man," which always kills me. Still, it wasn't as good as the first time.

Girish Rambaran

CLIFFORD GILBERTO

JACKSLOO

CLIFF SPOOKY

THE NEW DEAL

Friday, June 30

Commodore

Ah, Jazzfest at the Commodore: no smoking, overpriced drinks, doorknob with attitudes and a generally lame vibe. Fun fun fun. Actually I was really looking forward to seeing at least two of the acts on this bill. Unfortunately things didn't work out quite so well. I got to the Commodore in what I thought was good time to catch the show, however, much of my chagrin was because a significant lineup I would prefer to see even though I could hear the show going on inside, until I finally made it to the door. Of course, at that point the doorman decided to stop letting people in for a while, I guess the lineup was looking a little short for his liking. "Wow," I thought, "the show must be sold out!" My suspicions were confirmed when I found out that they weren't even letting in any Jazzfest volunteers. By the time I finally did get in I had waited the way through **The New Deal** set and **Cliff Spooky** was just starting to play to a half empty room! The

place was nowhere near capacity. Great. Thanks. Anyway, Spooky played for an hour and a half, about two thirds of which was self-indulgent working. I was so looking forward to his set [after seeing him last time he was in town] that when he started wasting my time I could barely contain my irritation at his stupid noodling. Loosy. Up next was **Jackass! Cooch**. Yay. Twenty minutes of cheesy popfunk from this annoying **Seal-wannabe** and his poster board was about all I could take. After the fourth open-shirted Christ pose I had had enough of stinky old Monterey-Jack soul. As much as I wanted to see **Clifford Gilberto**, I just couldn't take any more of Jackcheese. Since there were no in-out privileges I walked.

JM

OMAR SOSA

GONZALO RUBALCABA

Saturday, July 1

Vogue Theatre

Seriously, I have never heard anything like it. Jarret—like expression of the soul. Monk-ish minimalism. **Silver**-like banging. **Omar Sosa** is a complete pianist. Powerful and emotional. He is a leader and a participant; he takes control and gracefully relinquishes it. Humble is he too, standing and walking swiftly to the sax man, Sheldon Brown, to give him a big hug after one of his maddening solos. I love such fuzzy moments.

Sheldon Brown plays the soprano sax and the oboe with such authority that at times I thought he was the leader. Plaintive, gentle, mad, still, are good words to describe his playing.

Elliot Kavee is this short, lanky, haired, hippie-like man who simply grooved with the others. When it was time for a solo, he broke out of all the shackles and was free to just RELEASE with immense energy. Will Power is the MC who bounced and swoyed and stood in awe of the band's chemistry. His genuine free-styling rap is simple but effective: "I grew up with God and nature as my religion, but next to me were the rats, the roaches and those damn pigeons, but it was cool, I think you know what I mean, but I had never seen green, I had never seen green, I had never seen green."

Mr. Boss man, Beoff Brannan was integral for those hip hoppers: solid, deep, and relentless.

Indeed the Omar Sosa band played so many styles of music that night: hip hop, latin, classical, and straight up jazz. Such rousing rhythms and gentle swaying songs. I think this Omar Sosa performance was too good to open for Rubalcaba, but I'm glad he did because I wouldn't have heard his other playing. Next time will be better.

As for **Gonzalo Rubalcaba**, his piano playing is "technically brilliant," and he can improvise "all his heart's content—which he did. However, this trio was too sedating after the crazy Sosa band. The drummer and bassist were there to simply keep the rhythm up for Gonzalo to showcase his talent. The one time they all played together as a band was to play a good rendition of "A Night in Tunisia." That was the highlight of their performance. A real group effort. I'm not into one-dimensional jazz unless it's a solo concert.

Girish Rambaran

IMPROVISATIONS FOR ORCHESTRA

Sunday, July 2

Vogue Theatre

I give the finger to introductions.

Standing Wave is Vancouver's all-star team. **Francois Houle**, **Peggy Lee**, **Shella McDonald**, **Marguerite Winvoot** and **Paul Lyster** are nuts. Houle abandons his moultrieux and blows through the barrel of his clarinet. Lee can't get through a performance with her bow still intact. Winvoot brings a tool box with her and clamps the strings on her piano. They're crazy, straight from the loony bin, I swear. But hell, they're good. They played the works of Canadian composers who would have nothing but silent marks on a staff if it weren't for the support of **Standing Wave**.

Mr. Derome and Mr. Armanni, please accept my sincere apology, but I can't remember what your compositions sound like. I'm sure they weren't bad, but my mind was blown after "Oswald's 1st Piano Concerto by Tchaikovsky Minus One in 18th Minor." **John Oswald** exposed **Tchaikovsky** for the jerk that he is by cutting up Tchaikovsky's No. 1 and creating his orchestral version of **Plunderphonics**™.

Oswald mocked **Grieg's** pre-encyclopedia **Pearl Gynr** and Tchaikovsky's melodrama. While the **CBC Orchestra** played the predictable symphonic crescendo, **Paul Pimley** played an oh-so-sensuous chromatic scale. John Oswald is seriously hilarious. Strangely, me and the guy beside me seemed to be the only ones having a good chuckle over Oswald's masterpiece. Everyone else was busy stroking themselves for being intellectual.

Paul Pimley: props to your magical fingers and your polka-dot shirt. If I were your piano, I'd love the way you felt me out.

Christina Min

CHANGE MUSIC FESTIVAL (CMJ)

July 20-23

Various Venues, Seattle

Have you heard? Music is, like, totally changing. Because of the Internet!

Julie C., Christa, Jamaal, Barbara, and Steve DiPa surfed into Seattle on a tidal wave of bad food, hormones, and industry freebies to get their paradises shifted. All of them (except Christa and her Minor Threat vinylball kneepad) probably envisioned three days of getting as drunk as possible without paying, but the actual event consisted mostly of walking around the city in a state of damnable sobriety, watching Julie shop for backless tops and comic books. Here are some of the bands they saw.

SUPERSUCKERS/ZEKE/HIM

Opening night at the I-Spy and I hit the open bar hard, washing away the pain of my car's demise. High-balls in America are ridiculous. Openers **HIM** were pretty good for an instrumental funk jam band. **Zeke** were a wall of noise, though who's to blame remains unclear, given the fact that the sound was shit. So bad, in fact, that I didn't understand a single word **Supersuckers** frontman Eddie Spaghetti said, not that it stopped me from singing every word of every song these rock gods put forth for my personal enjoyment.

Jamaal

SICK BEES

Revelation number one: **The Sick Bees** are two ladies. (This is interesting and/or significant because a long time ago I wrote a review of their 7" that focused entirely on issues of gender dimorphism.)

Revelation number two: **The Sick Bees** are damn fine. They have that self-confident love of rock that makes ladies open their mouths and sing loud instead of hiding behind Heide and Pose. To all lady drummers I say: hit them hard. You're doing it for the rest of us. Starla (sounds like the name of a *Miranda* Julia character, don't it?) and Julia play heavy and never slack. I mean that literally. It always owns you when peeps approach stage performance without shyness (flax or no).

Remember **Star Pimp**? Truncate and **Melvin**ize and you've got these bees.

Barbara

WELCOME

Conferences are the material child of air-conditioning, thermofoam coffees, disorienting hotel-issue carpeting, lined regiments of uncomfortable chairs, craned necks clutching programs, all bathed, tinnuslike, in a shrill alarm of fluorescent light. It would have taken a boosted reincarnation and appearance of Martin Luther King Jr. to get me to dip my ass in that masochistic brew. Coming up just short of this threshold, alluring marquee like "Dawning of a new era: what is the future of the Internet?"

were, and remain, painfully exasperating. Elected to join the tourists in watching traffic on the I-5 instead. Also learned, from context, what a "bullshit" was.

Come the night, darkness, cigarette smoke, and rising blood-alcohol levels reveal what those fluorescent tubes never show: fringe details of music's marketing and distribution may Change, but the last word belongs to the ever-enduring live performance—even the minds of work here refrained from scheduling a mass-download party to cap off daily events. Maybe next time.

Bands showcased at the Crocodile played beneath a charmingly cock-eyed, silver cardboard star, which swayed that little children's-mobile sway to the evening rock; though I suppose there is no definitive proof that it was not actually a webcam hologram. **Welcome** was one of them. They are a three-piece with two guitarists who must have left their bassist for dead somewhere in Montana. He is not missed. From there, their trebled journey begins with some familiar picking of minimal post-rock weaves, bends, and dangled harmonics. Then, you climb up a hill and approach the animated evil of **Lake of Dracula**, with the simple and fat, yet sometimes surf-rock drumming. Now, you're still on Lakeshore Drive, where you'll again notice the drunken, belligerent mumbling of a tilted ironworker, oscillating in volume and coherence, come wafting into the vehicle: that's the manic, abusive and chiseled guitar... the Socratic Nerf edition. Then, as the crowd files, you head North (or the idea of it anyway) where you'll find the slightly syncopated curves make the open, discordant punch a little more interesting than the freeway. When you stretch your legs, you'll probably tell yourself that you're glad you made the trip, but you best be takin' a different route back. Y'know, fer interest's sake.

Steve DiPa

JOEL R.L. PHELPS

To Phelps [v]: I. To stand motionless with your mouth open at the front of the stage, fists clenched, tears streaming down your face. See also "helpsing."

Some of us have become a wee bit blasé of late. We don't put the same amount of energy into our helpsing as once we did; it's sufficient to sit against a wall and think, "How can he sing 'Now You Are Found' every night without having a nervous breakdown?" An even more important question is how a man of such startling artistic integrity and passion found himself participating in an industry conference. This is religion, not business.

Oh, and apparently "Joel" drinks Budweiser.

Barbara

DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE

Death Cab for Cutie packed the house for Saturday's show, giving the crowd that feel-good

pop rock that's way too hard to come by these days. The band is from Bellingham and has got their fellow Washingtonians on board for the wild ride that is rock stardom. I suspect that this band should be big worldwide and am not sure what's holding it back. The songs have a distinct **Built to Spill** flavour, but are a bit less chaotic. The guitarist was stuck in his chair all night, thanks to a broken foot, but that didn't stop him from rocking out. **Death Cab's** new CD is one of the best rock records I've heard so far this year, and the live show made me like the band even more.

Julie C.

BOTCH

May I be so lucky as to crown **Botch** the new kings of hardcore? Please! I can give you more than a few good reasons why, if that's what you're looking for. They rock, and they aren't jerks. They experiment with sounds that aren't traditionally hardcore. They don't dye their hair black. They have girlfriends for the masses. Oh yes, **Botch** will rule the hardcore world. **Botch** played to a very enthusiastic but small crowd on a Saturday afternoon, at an all-ages show. I was down about not seeing **The Blood Brothers**, who also came with a healthy dose of hype on their back, but was taken with seeing **Botch** belt out the hits. I'm not sure if **Botch** have quite the crossover potential that **Refused** enjoyed a few years back, but the band's willingness to exploit a bit of new technology within the hardcore borders was quite a treat. The guitarist worked some real wonders with his pedals and other multi-buttoned gear, looping and manipulating one of his riffs beyond recognition. Quite forward-thinking! I'm not convinced that this is a band I could listen to at home, but am positive that the next time I see **Botch** on a Vancouver bill, I'll be up at the front!

Julie C.

JUNK RECORDS SHOWCASE

We went for familiar faces and comforting rock 'n' roll at the Junk Records showcase. I can't remember the name of the openers because they sucked, though they have a lot of mindless punks for fans. **Jet Set** never made it over the border because they're stupid, and there is no shortcut to Osoyoos through Washington State. **The Hellside Strangers** rocked, though the crowd seemed to be in one of those valleys that plague enthusiastic people from time to time. Luckily, when **The Spitfires** blew in the door fifteen seconds before going on stage, a spark was lit and blazed right through **The Dragons'** kick-ass set to finish the night. More beer, gear-humping in exchange for ride-getting from **The Spitfires**, and I was back in Canada. Thank goodness. Home is where the dogs are.

Jamaal

The High Point of Summer!

Aug 19 - Sep 4 At the PNE

www.pne.bc.ca

Nightly Concerts are free with your admission. And Fire in the Night starts at 10:30 pm.

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our disc during the previous month (ie, "August" charts reflect airplay over July). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts."

august indie home jobs

- | | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 jurasic 5 | quility control | intersepe |
| 2 twilight circus dub... | dub voyage | m |
| 3 murder city devils | in name and blood | scrotch |
| 4 pole | 3 | matador |
| 5 ida | will you find me | tiger style |
| 6 clicker | remixes | heffy |
| 7 dilated peoples | the platform | capac |
| 8 huevos rancheros | el muerte del toro | mini |
| 9 sonic youth | gry ghosts & flowers | intersepe |
| 10 bella & sebastian | fold your hands child... | matador |
| 11 amon tobín | supermodified | ninja tune |
| 12 enor cocoanut | el batle clamor | emperor norton |
| 13 oval | avolpross | thrill jockey |
| 14 einstruzende neubouten | silence is sexy | m7 |
| 15 weakerthans | left and leaving | gutes |
| 16 future bible heroes | i'm lonely ep | merge |
| 17 kid606 | down with the scene | ipeacac |
| 18 arab stop | elephant shop | jetset |
| 19 blonde redhead | melody of certain... | touch |
| 20 stereob | first of the microbe... | elektro |
| 21 land of the loops | puttering about a small land | up |
| 22 kinnie star | tune up | violet inch |
| 23 rick of the skins | here comes... | independent |
| 24 delgados | the great eastern chem. underground | |
| 25 grusomes | cave-in | tyrant |
| 26 new bomb trucks | nightmare scenario | epitoph |
| 27 billy bragg & wilco | mermaid ave. vol. 2 | elektro |
| 28 aden | hey tone | teenbeat |
| 29 david kristian | room 19 | alien8 |
| 30 pedro the lion | progress ep | suicide squeeze |
| 31 les sexareanos | live! in the bed | sfri |
| 32 livehuman | elefish jelliphant | matador |
| 33 mc paul barman | how hard is that? | matador |
| 34 legendary pink rock stars | a perfect mystery | caciocavalla |
| 35 sleeter-kinney | all hands on... | kill rock rick |

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 1 | various defcon | liz |
| 2 | genie artists | potty duke covers |
| 3 | barleibees | flight fright |
| 4 | selby tigers | sidewalk |
| 5 | riffi randells | s/t |
| 6 | kepler | between still sheets |
| 7 | jean bach | jean sans le payback |
| 8 | k | s/t |
| 9 | umwound/versus | split |
| 10 | bis/apples in stereo | powerpuff girls |
| 11 | radio berlin | heart of industry |
| 12 | mooney suzuki | s/t |
| 13 | q and not u | hot and informed |
| 14 | michelle gun elephant | west cabaret drive |
| 15 | hot hot heat | s/t |
| 16 | ie moves | s/t |
| 17 | dj a-trak | enter ralph wiggam |
| 18 | leach me tiger | remember me |
| 19 | spitfires | slick black cat |
| 20 | tremolo falls | s/t |

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| lookout | 1 magnus |
| top quality 'n' r | 2 coupon |
| magic marker | 3 lallies |
| hopeless | 4 birthday machine |
| mint | 5 metic |
| spectraconic | 6 bel rise |
| 555 | 7 panty boy |
| tree | 8 les saints |
| troubleman | 9 riff randells |
| rhino | 10 nasty on |
| reasmblage | 11 new hedron |
| telstar | 12 jay a. beck |
| dischord | 13 boy vs. girl |
| estrus | 14 heatcores |
| ache | 15 river rats |
| mr. lady | 16 p:ano |
| stones throw | 17 dreamy angel |
| fantastic | 18 join |
| junk | 19 syphonic ensemble |
| faint | 20 jumpstart |

- dragon style
 new cassette - all of it
 green card marriage
 the torch
 je ne sais pas
 the notion
 sea hag
 ta mere
 sweet sixteen
 lester bangs
 heap wonder
 ophelia
 smiling memories
 run santa run
 baby yer a troll
 all of november, most of october
 laundromat queen
 newsmen
 boxing day blues
 worthwhile



this is what we listened to...

legendary pink dots a perfect mystery • nrg ensemble
beja2000 gets a facelift • negativland the willsophone stupid
shoe • engine kid angel wings • megadeth rust in peace
silkworm lifestyle • brantford marsalis trio the beautiful ones
are not yet born • god is my co-pilot flight like fish • tom
zawie's roman polka • the o'jays the american music club
• nina simon's ticks of peace • i love to save the world • log
damaged • bells & Sebastian found your hands child, you
walk like a peasant • trovis the man who • mark eitzell
songs of love • birthday party junkyard • squeeze greatest
hits • michael jackson • public enemy enemy strikes black •
nine inch nails the downward spiral • the new york city barman
how hard is that? • the missy x trout mask replica replica
the body lovers part one of three

...and citr 101.9 fm bien sur

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On The Dial



YOUR ON-AIR GUIDE TO CTR 101.9FM

SUNDAYS
ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.
THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.
BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Realcowshit-caught-in-her-boots country.
CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.
SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.
HELLO INDIA 8:00-9:00PM **GEETANJALI** 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies, Ghazals, Bhangras and also Quawwalis, etc.
THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:30AM Strictly Hip-Hop—Strictly Underground—Strictly Vinyl. With your hosts Checkmate, Flip Out & J Swing

on the 1 & 2's.
THE CHILL-OUT ROOM 12:30-2:00AM Time to wind down! Lay back in the chill-out room. Trance, house, and special guest DJs with hosts Decter and Nasty.
VIBE 2:00-6:00AM The Sunday Night Vibe bringing you the very best in funky and vocal house spun live by your host Delaney. For the true house lovers out there this is the place to be.
MONDAYS
SALARIO MINIMO 6:00-8:00AM Spanish rock, ska, techno and alternative music—porque no todo en esta vida es "solita"
BREAKFAST WITH THE

BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge and ambience.
POP SCENE alt. 11:00-1:00PM
GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM
FILIBUSTER 1:00-3:00PM Oppressed instruments released from captivity! Obscure sounds acoustic and electronic, with your hostess Anna.
A WALKABOUT THE WORLD 3:00-4:00PM
EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.
WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports department to hang out with Wener, the Freight Train and the 24 Karat Goldman.
SOUP DU JOUR alt. 6:00-7:30PM Feeling a little french-inspired? Francophone music from around the globe, sans

Celine Dion.
AUDIO VISUAL alt. 6:00-7:30PM Critical theory, debate and dialogue on art and culture, set to a soundtrack of breakbeat, worldbeat and other eclectic sounds.
PIRATE RADIO alt. 7:30-9:00PM Formerly "Love Sucks," now at a new time.
THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11.
Aug. 7: Birthday features this month beginning with multi-talented genius "Rohsaan" Roland Kirk live in Copenhagen.
Aug. 14: Hezekiah "Stuff" Smith with the Oscar Peterson Trio.
Aug. 21: William "Coast" Basie and his band at the Montreux Jazz Festival.
Aug. 28: Jazz pianist Kenny Drew in a rare session with legendary saxophonist Joe Moretti.
VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.
PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES

3:00-6:00AM
TUESDAYS
WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM **THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM** 9:30-11:30AM Put your hands together for the rock 'n' roll riot! Put your hands together for the rock 'n' roll riot! Let's go! **BLUE MONDAY** alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial/electronic/retro-goth program. Music to schmooze to, hosted by Coreen.
CONTEMPORARY 1:00-2:00PM Music and poetry for jackasses.
THE RELATIONSHIP SHOW 2:00-3:30PM
HIPS TITS LIPS POWER 3:30-4:30PM Featuring That Feminist Collective from CTR.
ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30 (last Tuesday of each month)
THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM
10:00 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.
FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.
RADIO ELLINIKATHIKO

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6 AM								6 AM
7	reggae linkup	SALARIO MINIMO	BBC	BBC	end of the world news	shadow at dawn	The Leo Ramirez Show	7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE				8
9			WORLD HEAT		Reel Music	CADAVRE IN THE BED	The SATURDAY EDGE	9
10	are you serious? music	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	Fool's Paradise	The other table	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE		10
11				The Northern Wish				11
12 PM		girlfood/pop scene	BLUE MONDAY		CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	soulsistah radio	12 PM
1	Rockers Show	FILIBUSTER	CONTEMPORARY	the shake	STEVE & MIKE		POWERCHORD	1
2			THE RELATIONSHIP SHOW	TRUTH & JUSTICE	THE ORGANOPODA SHOW	Black Noise		2
3		A WALKABOUT THE WORLD	hips like lips power/electric avenues	NOTORIOUS	RHYMES & REASONS	WARWARR Plectrums	LUCKY SOBRIETY	3
4	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	EVIL VS. GOOD	THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN					4
5	Chips with Everything / Saint Tropez	WENER'S BARBEQUE	10,000 VOICES	RACHEL'S SONG	CULTURE CRITIC SEARCH MEET TO MEAL	NOOZE & ARTS	Hotlines	5
6								6
7	Queer FM	SOUP DU JOUR / AUDIO VISUAL	FLEX YOUR HEAD	reche's song	OUT FOR KICKS	FarEastSide Sounds / AFRICAN RHYTHMS	RADIO FREE AMERICA	7
8		plate radio		AND SOMETIMES WHY? BY THE WAY / REPLICA REJECT	ON AIR WITH QUEENSLAND HAZE			8
9	Hello India		RADIO ELLINIKATHIKO				synoptic sandwich	9
10	Geetanjali			ROLLING OYSTERS	Live from... THUNDERBIRD HELL	homeboss		10
11	The Show	THE JAZZ SHOW	VENUS FLYTRAP / soulstice walden just	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR	HIGHBRED VOICES		SOUL TREE! pipecremons	11
12 AM								12 AM
1	CHILL-OUT ROOM	VENGEANCE IS MINE!	Aural Tentacles	HANS KLOSS MISERY HOUR		SHITMIX		1
2							TABLETURNZ / EARWAX	2
3								3
4	vibe	psychedelic airwaves	BBC	first floor sound system	plutonian nights	THE MORNING AFTER SHOW	REGGAE LINKUP	4
5								5
6								6

8:00-9:00PM Greek radio.
CIRCLES 9:00-10:00PM From there to here, from now to then and back again. Shiva to shiva. Sense. Nonsense. Sound to silence. Samsara.
VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEM alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM
 loveden@hotmail.com
SOULFUNK WATERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM
 Phat platter, slim chatter.
AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-3:00AM Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAYS
THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM A perfect blend of the sublime and absurd, with your refined and exotic hosts Jack Velvet and Carmen Ghia.
FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-1:00AM Japanese music and talk.
THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.
ANOIZE 12:00-1:00PM
THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM
FREE RADIO PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show! Sam and Bleek present the underground press with articles from zines from around the world.
MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Eat, sleep, ride, lie, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."
RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-7:30PM Info on health and the environment, consumption and sustainability in the urban context, plus the latest techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Hosted by M.Path.
AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM skateeriny, love, sushi... these are a few of our love-obscure things.
REPLICA REWIT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Independent and innovative music and noise from an ex-host of Little Twin Stars.

BY THE WAY alt. 7:30-9:00PM Let's give alternative media a chance—VIVA VINYL! 7's new and old, local cassettes and demos.
FOK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM The rootsy-worldbeat-bluegrass-paloka-alt-country-california show that does call itself folk. And singer-songwriters too.
STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungra! "Chakkh de phutty."
HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.
FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:30AM

THURSDAYS
END OF THE WORLD NEWS 6:30-8:30AM
REEL MUSIC 8:30-10:00AM Soundtracks and classical.
THE ETHER TABLE 10:00-11:30PM Everyone loves a girl who knows her Merzbower.

Phone-in marriage proposals encouraged.
CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tullino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!
STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby (hardcore).
THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comix comix comix. Oh yeah and some music with Robin.
RYHMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM
CULTURE CAVITY SEARCH 5:00-5:30PM
REELS TO REEL 5:30-6:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.
OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.
ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Roots of rock 'n' roll.
LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9 Live bands from 10-11.
HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM
PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone stuff. Resident haikku with guest DJs and performers.
<http://plutonia.org>

FRIDAYS
SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash.
CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.
SKA-T'S SCENE-IX DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Email requests to djska.19@hotmail.com.
THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Splice and A.V. Shock bring you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, funkified, sample heavy beat-laden trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats.
BLACK NOISE 2:00-3:00PM Essays, poetry, social commentary, and conscious music from a Black radical perspective. If you can't take the heat listen to 295.
NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM Please keep on rawnkin in the free world and have a good breakfast. Roc on. Nardwuar and Cleopatra Von Fluffelestein.
NOOZE & ARTS 5:00-6:00PM
FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM
AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa & African music from around the world.
HOMEBASE 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives,

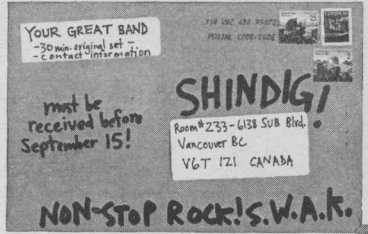
giveaways, and more.
SHITMIX alt 12:00-3:00AM The Shitmix council convenes weekly: Chairmen: Jamaal. Correspondents: DJ Murr, the delicious yet nutritious Erin, D.C. Cohen, the Rev. Dr. K. Edward Johnson and Wine-Jug Hutton.

SATURDAYS
THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 3:00-6:00AM
THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 6:00-8:00AM
THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.
9:00AM African/World roots.
9AM-12PM Celtic music and performances.
SOULESTASH RADIO 12:00-1:00PM
POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.
LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues and blues roots with your hosts Anna, Jim and Paul.
RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KJFC (Los Angeles, CA).
SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to the hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.
PIPERREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM
TABULETURNS alt. 1:00-4:30AM
EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "noiz/terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beat/drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needz on wax/my choos runs rampant when I free do jazz..." Out—Guy Smiley
REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

SUNDAYS
THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 3:00-6:00AM
THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 6:00-8:00AM
THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.
9:00AM African/World roots.
9AM-12PM Celtic music and performances.
SOULESTASH RADIO 12:00-1:00PM
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CiTR
 whom and how
 Arts: Doretta Lau
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 Business: Cat Moore
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 Engineer: Richard Anderson
 Entertainment: Clinton Ma
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 Music: Julie Colero
 President: Christine Glendinning
 Production: Bryce Dunn
 Program Coordinator: Allia Hussey
 Promotions: George Barrett
 Record Librarian: Chrissa Min
 Secretary: Daryl Wiener
 Station Manager: Linda Scholten
 Vice President: Jay Douillard

SHiNDiG!



LOCAL BANDS!

Believe it or not, it's almost time for SHiNDiG! 2000 to get underway. Send in your tapes for an opportunity to play CiTR's annual rock 'n' roll deathmatch! Toss your tape, contact info, and bribes to Julie by September 15th. Call 822.8733 for the sitche.

"I Just Wanna Be A Rock Star"
 SHiNDiG! 2000
 #233-6138 SUB Blvd.
 Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1



also... if you or your business want to sponsor SHiNDiG 2000, give us a call!

Datebook



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN AUGUST

FRI JULY 28 Mickey Hart Band@Commodore; kd lang, Sing@GM Place; Unified Theory@Starfish Room; **CITR PRESENTS PUNK OUT OR PUNK OFF: FLASHLIGHT, SIDE 67, BABBLEFISH X, WISERCRACK@Brickyard**; The Beans@Sugar Refinery
SAT 29 Carreg Iatara@Rogue Folk Club; Butless Chaps@Sugar Refinery
SUN 30 Korn, Papa Roach, Powerman 5000@GM Place; Malesics@Sugar Refinery
MON 31 And You Will Know Us By The Trail of Dead@Brickyard
TUE AUGUST 1 Lonely Boy, Satan's Choice@Blinding Light!; Millennium Project@Sugar Refinery
WED 2 CITR PRESENTS SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE, NO KNIFE@Brickyard; Mooney Suzuki, Nasty On, Orientals@Brickyard; Lonely Boy, Satan's Choice@Blinding Light!; Pano, Donkey Engine@Sugar Refinery
THUR 3 Tower of Power@Commodore; By A Thread, Farewell Fancy, Someday 100@Brickyard; Psychotopia: Cause and Effect@Blinding Light!; The Radio@Sugar Refinery
FRI 4 Summersault 2000@Brickyard; Psychotopia: Cause and Effect@Blinding Light!; Operation Make Out@Marine Club; Saddlesores, Instrumen@Brickyard; Under the Table@Sugar Refinery
SAT 5 Blinding Light 2 year anniversary party@Blinding Light!; Joel R. Phelps, Mark@Sugar Refinery; The Birthday Machine, The Radio, DJ Aural@Vancouver Japanese Language School; Salteen@Marine Club; Come On, Panky Roid@Brickyard
SUN 6 Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story@Blinding Light!; Loud, Bamboozing, Almost Transparent Blue@Vancouver Japanese Language School; Experimental Electronic@Sugar Refinery
MON 7 The Quers, The Lillingtons, The Explosion@Graceland (Seattle); Ripcord, Chapter 3, Blue Collar Bullies@Brickyard
TUE 8 Dandy Warhols@Starfish Room; Cause Way, Metic, Love@Brickyard; Stephen Kent Jusick in person@Blinding Light!; Opening night: You're Never Too Old (Big)@Sugar Refinery
WED 9 Lee Krist in person with the "Big Film" series@Blinding Light!; Hawaiian Night@Brickyard
THUR 10 BYOB@Blinding Light!; Roadhead@Marine Club; Fainkiller, Snake Eyes, Last Angry Man@Brickyard; Abizelleh Maz@Sugar Refinery
FRI 11 Michael Almeredy's Another Girl, Another Planet@Blinding

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE!

TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO [WHO, WHERE, WHEN] TO 822.9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE IS AUGUST 28TH!

Light!; Steve Earle and the Dukes@Commodore; Novema Girls, Team Strike Force@Marine Club; New Wavecoke@Brickyard; Dixie's Death Pool@Sugar Refinery
SAT 12 Michael Almeredy's Another Girl, Another Planet@Blinding Light!; Ray Conda & His Ricchets@Marine Club; Supersuckers, Dotson, Probes@Brickyard; Bruno Hubert@Sugar Refinery
SUN 13 Bob Log III@Starfish Room; Michael Almeredy's Another Girl, Another Planet@Blinding Light!
MON 14 Earth Crisis, In Flames, Skrilab, Buried Alive@Graceland (Seattle)
TUE 15 James Benning's El Valley Centro@Blinding Light!
WED 16 James Benning's El Valley Centro@Blinding Light!; Dr. Dre, Snop Dogg, Eminem, Warren G@GM Place; Less Than Jake, The Ateris, Zebrahead@DVR (Seattle); Removal, Unclean Warriors@Brickyard
THUR 17 Rheostatics@Commodore; Dream Deceivers, Heavy Metal Parking Lot@Blinding Light!; Dashboard Jesus@Marine Club; Liar, Chick Magnets@Brickyard
FRI 18 Rheostatics@Commodore; Thomas Mapfumo & The Blacks Unlimited@Richard's; Dream Deceivers, Heavy Metal Parking Lot@Blinding Light!; Roswells, Beekeepers@Marine Club; Agent Orange@Brickyard
SAT 19 Bantom Rooster@Ficadilly; Chris Smith@W.I.S.E. Hall; Dream Deceivers, Heavy Metal Parking Lot@Blinding Light!; **CITR PRESENTS BYRON LEE & THE DRAGONAIRES, SOUL SURVIVOR STEEL BAND@Commodore**; Reverberators@Marine Club; Asland Underground, Che Chapter 127@Brickyard
SUN 20 Hospital play live to Begotten@Blinding Light!
MON 21
TUE 22 Craig Baldwin's Rockettikitongki, Wild Gunman@Blinding Light!
WED 23 Craig Baldwin's Rockettikitongki, Wild Gunman@Blinding Light!; Israel Vibration@Commodore; Dive Kissers, Federation X, Run Chico Run@Brickyard
THUR 24 Paul's Pat@Blinding Light!; Victory Gin, Red Scar@Marine Club
FRI 25 Cheap Trick, Nash Kato@Commodore; The Atom Strikes@Blinding Light!; Normality@Marine Club; Murder City Devils CD Release Party@Brickyard

SPECIAL

EVENTS

POWELL STREET FESTIVAL 2000

THIS YEAR, THE ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF JAPANESE-CANADIAN ARTS & CULTURE IS PRESENTING TWO FUNDRAISING LIVE SHOWS. THE FIRST, ON SATURDAY AUGUST 5TH, WILL FEATURE THE BIRTHDAY MACHINE, THE RADIO, AND DJ AURAL. SUNDAY AUGUST 6TH WILL FEATURE LOUD, BAMBOOZING, 313 AND ALMOST TRANSPARENT BLUE. BOTH SHOWS ARE AT THE VANCOUVER JAPANESE LANGUAGE SCHOOL (487 ALEXANDER) AND START AT 8:30PM. CALL 793.9388 FOR MORE INFORMATION, OR CHECK OUT WWW.SHINJINKU.COM/POWELLFESTIVAL.

THE ROCK=R(O)+C+(K)

YOU LEARN A LOT ABOUT THE WORLD FROM THIS JOB. FOR EXAMPLE, I NEVER WOULD HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THE RAWK HANDSHAKES AND SECRET NOODS IF IT WEREN'T FOR BRYCE LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG DURING A SUSHI RUN. GOOD ONE, BRUCE. I GUESS YOU'RE OUT OF THE CLUB NOW. THE REST OF THE ROCK ROCK FRATERNITY WILL BE CONVENING AT THE FIREBALL FREACKOUT AT THE PIEDMONT PUB AUGUST 17-19TH. THURSDAY IT'LL BE THE VULTURES, THE SPIRITES, LES TABERNACK, AND THE STATUS. FRIDAY IT'S THE YO-YO'S, THOTTHOTTER, THE BLACK HARTS, AND THE TEST. SATURDAY YOU CAN HANG TO BANTAM ROOSTER, THE LOAD LEVELERS, THE INVISIBLE MEN AND THE HARRIS. POOR BRYCE, DOOMED TO WANDER THE EARTH FOR ALL ETERNITY JUST BECAUSE HE COULDN'T KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT.

YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD

AUGUST 8:20 AT THE MICHAEL SAURETTE, EVERY NIGHT AT 8PM A NEW ONE-ACT PLAY BY SUGAR, SAURETTE WILL BE PERFORMED FOR THE DELIGHT OF PATRONS. APPARENTLY THE REAL DEALS WITH OLD PEOPLE AND OLD. SUGAR SAURETTE SUGGESTS WE AS PATRONS SHOULD BE VOTING RIGHT NOW. [THE SUGAR REFERENCE IS AT 1115 GRANVILLE UPSTAIRS, IN CASE YOU'RE NOT COOL ENOUGH TO FIGURE THAT ONE OUT.]

VENUES • BARS • THEATRES • RESTAURANT • RECORD STORES

Amsterdam Cafe 302 W. Cordova St. (Gastown)	683 7200	Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC)	822 2678	The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations)	685 5585
Anza Club 3 W. 8th Ave. (Mount Pleasant)	876 7128	Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings St. (downtown)	822 9364	Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir St. (at Seymour)	681 1625
Artis Holline	684 2787	The Good Jacket 225 E. Broadway (at Main)	872 5665	Richard's on Richards 1036 Richards St. (downtown)	687 6794
Astoria Hotel 749 E. Hastings St.	254 3636	The Grid Gallery 4124 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant)	322 6037	Ride On 2255 W. Broadway; 2712 Boston St. (uptown)	738 7374
Batusi 217 W. Hastings St. (at Granville)	689 7734	Hollywood Theatre 3125 W. Broadway (Kitsilano)	738 3211	Ridge Cinema 3131 W. Broadway (at Main)	738 6511
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island)	687 1354	Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant)	873 4131	Scape Records 17 W. Broadway (near Main)	877 1676
Black Dog Video 3451 Cambie St.	673 6958	Hux Records 221 Abbott St.	662 7017	Scratch Records 726 Richards St.	687 0499
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th Ave. (at MacDonald)	732 5087	Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey)	224 8007	Seynall Hall 605 Mountain Hwy. (North Van)	
Blinding Light 36 Powell St.	678 3366	Jupiter Cafe & Billiards 1216 Bute (near Denman St.)	606 6665	Shadok Theatre on the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby)	291 6864
Boomtown #102-1252 Burrard (at Davie)	893 8696	Lo Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive)	251 6626	Singles Going Steady 3296 Main St. (at 17th)	876 9233
The Brickxy 315 Carrall St.	685 3978	Lotus Sound Lounge 455 Abbott St. (Gastown)	685 7777	Solar 66 Water St. (Gastown)	683 6695
Cafe Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive)	254 1195	Lu-A-Fair 1275 Seymour St. (downtown)	685 3288	Stanhope Room 1055 Homer St. (downtown)	682 4171
Cambie 515 Seymour	684 7757	Madoluna 1926 W. Broadway		Starlight Cinema 935 Denman St. (West End)	689 0096
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall)	683 6099	Minora Pavilion 7191 Granville St. (Richmond)		Street Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main)	688 3312
Celebrities 1022 Davie St. (at Burrard)	689 3180	Moan Base Gallery 231 Carrall St. (Gastown)	608 0913	Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville St. (downtown)	683 2004
Cellar Jazz Cafe 3611 W. Broadway (downstairs)	738 1950	Noon Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave. (Kitsilano)	738 7151	Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown)	681 8915
Chameleon Union Lodge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown)	689 0806	Nepton Records 5750 Fraser St.	324 1229	Thunderbird Inn 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van)	988 2473
Chan Centre 6265 Crescent Rd. (UBC)		Orpheum Theatre Smiths & Seymour (downtown)	665 3050	Tribu 536 Seymour	688 8385
CITR Radio 101.9M 2334-138 SUB Blvd. (UBC)	822-3017	Oris Records 1176 Davie St.	669 5414	Trava Vintage Robson (downtown)	685 5403
Club Vesuvius 1176 Granville St. (downtown)	688 8701	Oris Records 1340 Davie St.	647 1161	Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria)	254 9578
CN Imax Theatre 999 Canada Place	682 4629	Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown)	688 3456	Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	876 4165
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova)	683 3757	Palladium 1250 Richards (downtown)	688 2648	Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville)	738 7015
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville St. (Granville Mall)	681 1531	Paradise 27 Church (New Westminster)	525 0371	Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey)	222 2235
CNB Stage and Snow 3712 Robson St.	682 5345	Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1732	Virt/Futuristic Flavours 1020 Granville (downtown)	872 2999
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova St. (Gastown)	683 5637	Parth Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)	876 2747	Video In Stores 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	872 8337
Croatian Cultural Centre 3250 Commercial Dr. (at 17th)	879 0154	Podcity Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour)	682 3221	Vinyl Rakkids 76 W. Cordova (Gastown)	689 3326
Crosscut Music 518 W. Pender St.	683 8774	Piff Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown)	681 6740	Night Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)	683 7909
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman St. (West End)	683 2201	Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall)	685 7050	Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.)	685 6217
Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carrall St.	662 3207	Puff/Beaststreet 4326 Main (at 27th Ave.)	708 9804	Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave. (near Main)	876 9343
DVR 515 Davie St. (downtown)	682 4388	Puff #14712 Robson (at Granville)	684 PUFF	West Bank 1320 Richards (downtown)	230 6278
Fifth Avenue Cinemas 2110 Burrard (at 5th)	734 7469	Purple Onion 15 Water St. (Gastown)	602 9442	White Hall 209 E. 6th (at Main)	874 4687
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main)	689 0926	Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia	665 3050	W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive)	254 5858
FW.U.H. Beauty 552 Beauty St. (downtown)	687 7464	Raffaello Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown)	473 1593	Women In Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano)	732 4128

MUSIC ON AIR

WEAKERTHANS Left and Leaving CD

Modest punk rock? Multisub punk rock? Punk rock that sounds good in the car? Hmm... Let's put it this way: If your punk rock record collection starts with the **Minutemen** and **Wakarusa**, rather than **Mastad** **Play and Tired Chaps**, then certainly, **THE WEAKERTHANS** are your (doctor's) bag! 12 sharp songs that resonate with honest rock aesthetics; simple and direct imagery, and hooks that veer away from the "Garage Doors" mold. Recommended.

CD 16.98

MASADA Live in Sevilla CD

A "stand up and cheer" shows in Vancouver, we expect this CD to fly off the shelves, and it should. Moreover, with a high, clear recording quality and some excellent performances, including a seven minute "stop stopping" drum solo by **Joey Baron**, this latest live CD is a perfect way to become introduced to **MASADA**: terrific back catalogue, or another cherished recording for those already familiar with their work. While their studio work is often celebrated, in a way **MASADA**'s most appropriate context might be live, where their near-telepathic interplay, fantastic energy, ingenuity, and sheer musicianship becomes especially pronounced, spurred on by the responsiveness of their audience and each other. All in all, it's hard to find a better band working the avant jazz scene.

CD 16.98

UP BUSTLE AND OUT Master Sessions 1 CD/2P

It seems like everyone is putting out a Cuban inspired record these days but so few seem to capture the revolutionary spirit that the country was built on. With song titles like **Kennedy's Secret Tapes** and **Caribine 744-520**, Che Guevara, **Ninja Tune's UP BUSTLE and OUT** play Cuban music with the rebelliousness it deserves. Recorded in Havana with traditional instruments and then assembled in Bristol to add in some smooth beats, **Master Sessions 1** is the Cuban record you've been waiting to hear. Viva la Revolution!

CD 16.98 2LP 19.98

Other New Releases:

SAUL DUCK - w/ CD Music from angles: A nice local debut.
SMOG - **Strayed CDEP** - New material from a favourite modern lover.
L'ALTRA - **Music of a Sinking Ocean** CD/LP From Chicago, horn infused post-rock.
URSULA 1000 - **All Systems Are Go** Go CD Italian lounge meets German electro
RANCID - **2000** CD/LP A punk rock piggy bank!
FUTURE BIBLE HEROES - **I'm Lonely (And I Love It)** CD New Wave Magnetic Fields!



ISO TOPE 217 Who Stole the I Walkman? CD/LP

Rather than break totally new ground, Chicago's **ISO TOPE 217** tends to climb inside existing styles and make them walk around. The effect is that their music becomes like a massive second-hand store — you never know what you'll find, but you'll want to take it home anyway. Yet this isn't persiflage for the sake of persiflage so much as a good-natured effort to generate newness from old sources. Except not as retro, more as unfinished business. The best part is that they do it with zeal and have fun, collapsing the boundaries between out improvisation and studio finesse, while avoiding the dull air of seriousness that can often accompany similar experimentation. No matter what, with a line-up as capable as theirs, **ISO TOPE 217** plays on through. AVAILABLE AUGUST 8th

CD 19.98 LP 14.98

SPRING The Last Goodbye CD

As debated on GTR's **AS** Spring Tape show, Spring are the latest sensation to rise from the Barcelona lounge pop underground. Styled with a **Scott Walker**-like self-maintained cheer that recalls the early glory of **Saint Etienne's** catalogue, this full length is the perfect distraction to the ordinariness that is life. Bossanova, cool string-pop, and '60s synth, all combine under the lights and gels, recalling the summer romances, parties, cocktail soirées, salon "how do you do's", and yes, even nice old "Come swim at my pool" invitations. Por La Jeunesse!

CD 16.98



PIANO MAGIC Artist's Rifles CD

Adding the rock isolationism of **Joy Division** with the ethereal bliss of the **Cocoteau Twins** and **My Bloody Valentine**, London's **PIANO MAGIC** operate within a well-stepped sonic canvas — while still discerning new patterns for an inventive brooding listen. Two years ago **Arab Strap** captured our collective conscious with their agonous blend of stark nation. Today, **PIANO MAGIC** has the right stuff: "At first I wasn't sure if I liked this record, then it seduced me. Nightly seductions, gentle happy-sad seduction".

CD 19.98



IDA Will You Find Me CD/LP

With impeccable performances, brilliant production and wonderful songs, **Will You Find Me** is easily IDA's best and most accomplished record so far. It's hard not to love what they've done: Sweet, gently folk, harmonious, and nice in all ways, yet still informed by a deep sadness and total sincerity. Bands like **Low** and later **Spiranes** come to mind as well as, in a way, **Everything But The Girl**, and maybe even, although just faintly, early **Style Council** or **Sade**. Plus, for the recording, once destined for major label release, the core group is joined occasionally by supplementary musicians, playing everything from viola to Diapasona, and then some. The overall effect is soothing and enchanting, with an overarching, pleasantly American feel. This is sure to be a popular critic's choice at the end of the year.

CD 16.98 LP 14.98

JIMI TENOR Out of Nowhere CD/LP

If you don't pay attention to this record, the overly esic orchestral introduction will slip into sexy, sugar sweet '70s soul and you'll have forgotten what the hell it was you were listening to. Somehow this album morphs under your nose marrying "the high drama of **Lalo Schifrin** to music reminiscent of a sense of alien abduction somewhere in Nevada." Recorded with a piece Orchestra in Grand Theatre Lodz, Poland, **Aphex Twin** and **Squarepusher** now have a labelmate who's hot on the trail of out weirding even them.

CD 19.98 LP 16.98



SHELLAC 1000 Hurts CD/LP

Much-anticipated tight and angular workouts from these angst-ridden recalcitrant roll-models, perhaps **fourheads**, even. But it's a well-deserved cult of personality. Basically, if rock fits could fit cars, these characters would be chucking around big trucks with ease. Or, if math rock were taught at music schools, they'd hold the definitive seminar and give lots of homework. Or, even, if **Albert Camus** was an unemployed failed bodybuilder who lived in a one-room basement out apartment and had no friends, his profound sense of frustration and moral emptiness would be **SHELLAC**.

AVAILABLE AUGUST 8th

CD 19.98 LP 19.98

JETS TO BRAZIL Four Corners Night CD/LP

With the invention of photography we are now able, frame by frame, to capture motion of action. Close your eyes a sec. Imagine the action of a yellow and red firecracker exploding. Take this provocative split second observation and break it down a bit. Imagine its cool of paper unraveling, slowly buckling under heat and fire. Think of the gunpowder spark, randomly igniting in the air. Dust flies unworried by trajectories uncertain. Boom! Sound unworried breaks silence. Open your eyes, **JETS TO BRAZIL** are back! AVAILABLE AUGUST 6TH

CD 16.98 LP 16.98

Various ATTITUDE 3rd CD

Despite a nearly uncomforable level of main stream saturation and subsequent mediocrity, on the one hand, and a well-rehearsed, almost empty moral panic, on the other, hip hop is remarkably on the brink of new things — it's like it needed to get overblown to inspire fresher thoughts. For example, the **Quantum** crew are producing good shit, and groups like **Jazzmatazz 5** aren't afraid to bring back a little positivity, while this new collection, **Attitude**, is just way out left-field, shrugging off conventionality like last year's **FUBU** jacket. 14 artists, including **Kid606**, **Christoph de Babalon**, **Lesser**, **Dat Politics**, and **Malmos**, seriously fuck up classic **WNA** tracks, dropping a little digital deconstruction, and maybe updating the little picture in the process. What is the spirit of hip-hop anyway? Recommended.

3rd CD 16.98

WILL OLDHAM All Most Heaven CD/LP

So here's the concept: **WILL OLDHAM** wrote a bunch of songs and then enlisted his producer, **Rian Murphy**, to realise and record them as he saw fit. The result found artists such as **Jim O'Rourke**, **Bill Callahan**, **Liedtke Sauer**, **Rico Rizzo**, **Archer Prewitt**, **Edith Frost**, and **Darid Grabske**, to name-drop some, helping prepare backing tracks that **OLDHAM** later finished with vocals. Hmm, okay. What else do we need to say? The line up starts here. AVAILABLE AUGUST 8th

CD 14.98 LP 12.98

PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL
AUGUST 31st, 2000



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Vancouver, BC
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Sun 12:00-6:00

and at...

**tart
GALLERY**

1869 West 4th Avenue
(also the Zulu Records Satellite Store)

Pink is an exhibit by 25 artists opening Friday August 25. These gals, gents and tents intend to show the aftermath of being inundated with pink, and its effect on our feminine psyche. Individual representations range from social, cultural, psychological, sexual and aesthetic reflections on this most enduring female colour.

Upcoming
In-Store Performances
at 1869 W. 4th Avenue
Saturdays at 3pm!

FLOPHOUSE JR AUGUST 5th
MARK CROZER AUGUST 12th
AUBURN AUGUST 19th